

Bars for Serious
Afternoon Drinking

PAGE 14

Open-air Dining

PAGE 12

Making Money with
the SF Bar Assoc.

PAGE 6

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

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Francis Ford Coppola Before 'The Godfather' Playing Hollywood Games in SF



Drawing: Louis Dunn Photo: Paul Ryan

Urban Technology Conference

THE MOON AMONG US

By Greggar Sletteland

The machine was theirs and it would come home to roost. It would engender more machines, more intricate machines, more amazing machines, more machine-like machines, until the world and all its man-made parts became one vast interlocking machine of a machine.

—Henry Miller, "Stand Still Like the Hummingbird"

My latest glimpse of where San Francisco is heading, along with all other American cities, didn't come from a secret Chamber of Commerce memo or a Planning Department Master Plan or a Joseph Alioto speech—all frightening enough, all regulars in my nightmares since I began covering urban affairs for the Guardian two years ago.

No, it came from a surrealistic, 1984-style circus of the absurd called the Second Annual Urban Technology Conference, held July 24-26 with much fanfare and civic self-congratulation in SF's Brooks Hall.

To turn Norman Mailer's phrase about the Democratic convention on its head: Never have I seen so much evil in one room.

The idea of the conference was to spread the word that the technology already exists by which our cities can be saved. Accordingly, the sponsors brought together some 2,000 of the nation's scientists, engineers, professors, corporate leaders and government officials and put them all in one room, with Communication as the announced goal. Mere city residents weren't invited, thank you.



Photo: Roger Lubin

For rapid transit—or for the moon?

The 2,000 who came are the tiny elite of decision-makers which economist John Galbraith christened "the Technocrats," or T-men for short. (Most emphatically not T-persons: only a handful of those at the conference were non-male, non-white, non-age 35 to 60.) But the show the T-men staged was a textbook rebuttal of Galbraith's argument that they bring new rationality and wisdom to the governing of the nation.

The show was sponsored by NASA, the space agency, and intended as a direct reply to the question which has wrought such terrible shrinkage in NASA's budget—namely, if we can put a man on the moon, why can't we...? We most surely can, says NASA, by using just those techniques we learned

in whipping the moon challenge. Therefore, the argument runs, we should squander billions more on whipping the space platform challenge, the Mars challenge, the Pluto challenge, etc.

But NASA's part in the show was relatively small, just one exhibit among dozens (NASA's alone was lavish enough that if the money had gone directly to the cities it could have made a dent in several good-sized urban challenges, but never mind). The others, even more awesomely futuristic and expensive, were for the most part staged by the country's biggest and most infamous defense contractors—Boeing, Lockheed, LTV, IBM, etc. All eager to get aboard the urban gray subway; oops, mass transit system.

In short, the real purpose of the show was to wring more money from bone-dry cities for the big corporations. And the meaning for city residents, as Henry Miller foresaw 30 years ago, is that all those intricate and amazing machines of ours, the ones that have made the moon and Vietnam into the two most technologically advanced plots of soil in the known universe, are coming home to roost. (Photos and details, see page 3.)

As for our real problems—improving schools, preserving neighborhoods, finding jobs, beating traffic, getting better city services and all the rest of that tired litany—there are few signs that the T-men even know of these. For good reason. As Jane Jacobs demonstrated in the best book written on urban prob-

lems in the past 20 years, "The Death and Life of Great American Cities," the best remedy for the urban malaise is to keep the T-Men out.

As Jane Jacobs shows, it's the relentless assault of technology, first the automobile and the highrise, now the computer with its vast potential for increasing efficiency and concentrating power in the hands of a small elite, that's making the cities unlivable. Technology, after all, roots out the irrational, the unquantifiable, the unpredictable... which is to say, the human. Besides, there's not much money to be made from leaving city neighborhoods alone.

But such ideas are making no headway with the T-Men. Of the three dozen I talked with, not one had ever even heard of Jane Jacobs.

I came away from the Urban Technology Conference staggering under a huge stack of promotional materials. I intended to ferret out those technological miracles which might prove useful to city people and to write a serious analytical piece about them.

After leafing through the stack for several hours and finding nothing, I took it down to the corner market at 12th and Judah in the Inner Sunset, a fine, lively neighborhood that hasn't been T-treated just yet. The grocer agreed to put the stack on his 50-year-old produce scale and found it weighed an incredible 19 pounds, 11 ounces.

"That's more than a Thanksgiving turkey!" he said.

Coming Next Issue:

PLUS

Kenneth Rexroth
Lorenzo Milam
Cheap Eats
Rolfe Peterson

What are your

Tenants Rights

and how you can exercise them effectively

Don't take yer gunz to town, boy
leave yer gunz at home, Bill
don't take yer gunz to town. . ."
By Dan O'Neill
". . . don't take yer gunz to town, boy
leave yer gunz at home, Bill
don't take yer gunz to town. . ."
—western ballad and lament
American, 1950's

The whole point of the song was Bill took his guns to town instead of the advice of his Sainted Mother and the street cleaner brought him home in a box.

I always liked that song. Especially the part where Young Bill went to town. I admired that. Of course you could tell by the tempo of the song Young Bill wasn't going to get any older. Long before the song was over, you knew he was going to come home in a box. But I admired Young Bill going to town. Someone had said something nasty about Young Bill and he didn't feel like getting any older if everyone in the whole county was going around repeating it. . . so he went to town and met the Man With The Big Mouth and came back in the Box with His Honor Intact.

Old Fashioned Virtues seem to be disappearing these days. I'm sorry Tom Eagleton didn't shoot Jack Anderson. Tom still couldn't run on the ticket but everybody would have felt better. Maybe Jack is faster on the Draw. And Tom would have come home in a Box with his Honor Intact.

Seventy years ago you had to be very careful what you said about a man. Everybody carried a gun. With the Express Purpose of Using It on You if you were fouling your mouth with Lies. Nowadays the Standard Rule is Half a Truth is better than none. The only time I have ever seen the White House was on Television. . . and it looked grey. I'm sure there is a rational explanation why the White House isn't perfectly Clear. . . and I'm sure that I'll be listening to Rational Explanations for the next Four Years.

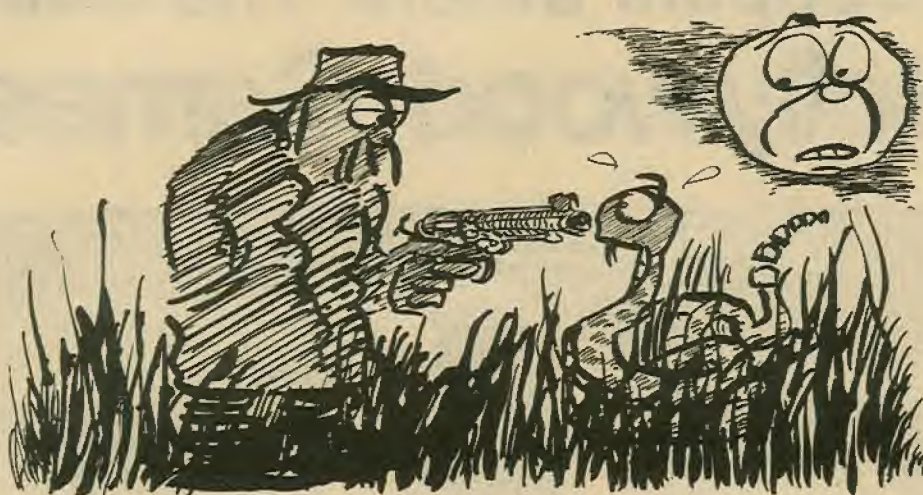
Alexander Hamilton was one of the Authors of our Bill of Rights. He objected to the final draft because he felt it was incomplete. It only listed ten rights. "What," said Alex, "about the right to Sleep, Eat, Make Love. . . ?" Alex was effectively silenced by Aaron Burr, vice-president. Actually, what

silenced him mostly was the bullet from Aaron Burr's pistol. Bullets do that. Don't take your gunz to town, Alex. . . leave your gunz at home, Bill. . . Aaron Burr went on to a career of High Treason. But he had done his Bit. No more of that seditious Right-to-Sleep, etc., business. Alex Planted Safely In The Ground stopped that.

And today we have BART busily tearing up the street. Jackhammers banging on the pavements all day long. . . can't sleep in past 7:30 in the morning.

Part 6

Ramblin' Dan O'Neill



Freedom. Too bad you went to town, Alex. Should have stayed home in bed breaking the law, Alex.

I was talking to a Lady Lawyer the other day. Interesting information. In California, there are only two sexual activities that are legal. The Missionary Position. . . and Necrophilia. You cannot, in the privacy of your own home, do anything except the prescribed position male over female Unless you ring in a Dead Body.

"I'm not getting off, Roger, bring on the corpse. . ." Law and Order strikes again.

I don't know why Necrophilia is le-

gal. I can't say I'm for it. Perhaps some legislator is for it and that's why I can't be busted if I keep a dead body around the house. What does go on in those Smoke-filled Rooms?

I wish you were a better shot, Alex. Aaron Burr I could have done without. I'm beginning to wonder if there are any rights left in this Sea-To-Shining-Sea menagerie.

The Fort Worth, Texas, jail is filling up with Irish-Americans. The British Government and Mr. Nixon are slapping

"don't kill these people." Now maybe she was wrong. Maybe those people should be killed. We are a Christian Country, after all, and necrophilia is Legal and we can kill whoever we want. But I'm bothered mostly by the fact some Georgia congressman is trying to bust Jane for Treason. Seems to me you can't have Treason without a declared war. And we, the American expla-Nation, haven't declared war on anyone since 1941. . . 32 years ago.

Now unless I read the papers wrong, our boys are killing gooks. If our boys are killing Japs and Heinies, Jane Fonda is in Trouble. But I'm not sure it's illegal to tell people to stop killing gooks. . . unless the Justice Department is stocking the jungles with Japs and Heinies and we don't know about it. "I'm sorry, Jane," says the Justice Department, "our boys are killing Japs and Heinies that we planted alongside the gooks just for the occasion and you are guilty of treason cuz we have a right to kill these Japs and Heinies and the gooks are just Innocent Bystanders." Tough luck, Jane. The only thing faster than Tarzan and His One-Handed Rope Climb is the Justice Department. Government by Nonsense is the name of the game.

Nixon says, "We won't talk about Tom Eagleton's Mental Depressions. . ." so everybody does and Tom is Unemployed. Nixon's position on unemployment is perfectly clear. He's For It. Unemployed people don't spend money cuz they don't have any money and spending slowed down slows inflation which is what he promised to do. He is an honest man.

I wonder who is faster. Tom or Dick. Jack is up on the balcony of the saloon with a rifle if Dick misses.

Why don't they unwind Harry Truman from his mummy bag and run him? Tom and Harry coming down the Street. Dick standing there with perspiration dripping from his nose. . . his back to the sun. . . Tom and Harry can't see Jack up on the balcony of the saloon. Jack can't make up his mind to shoot or throw parking tickets at them. Tom, Dick and Harry. □

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BayWindow

by Phil Frank



"No need to be too concerned—probably just some visitors from Los Angeles!"

URBAN TECHNOCRATS

The Machines Come Home to Roost



A tour of the Felliniesque exhibits at the Urban Technology Convention gives us natives an idea how the T-men will save our village. There isn't space for a detailed account, but here, briefly, are what they perceive as our major problems, and how they'll lick them:

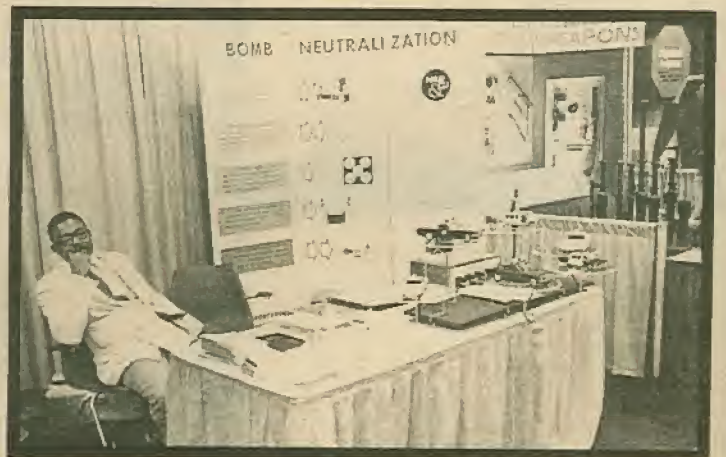
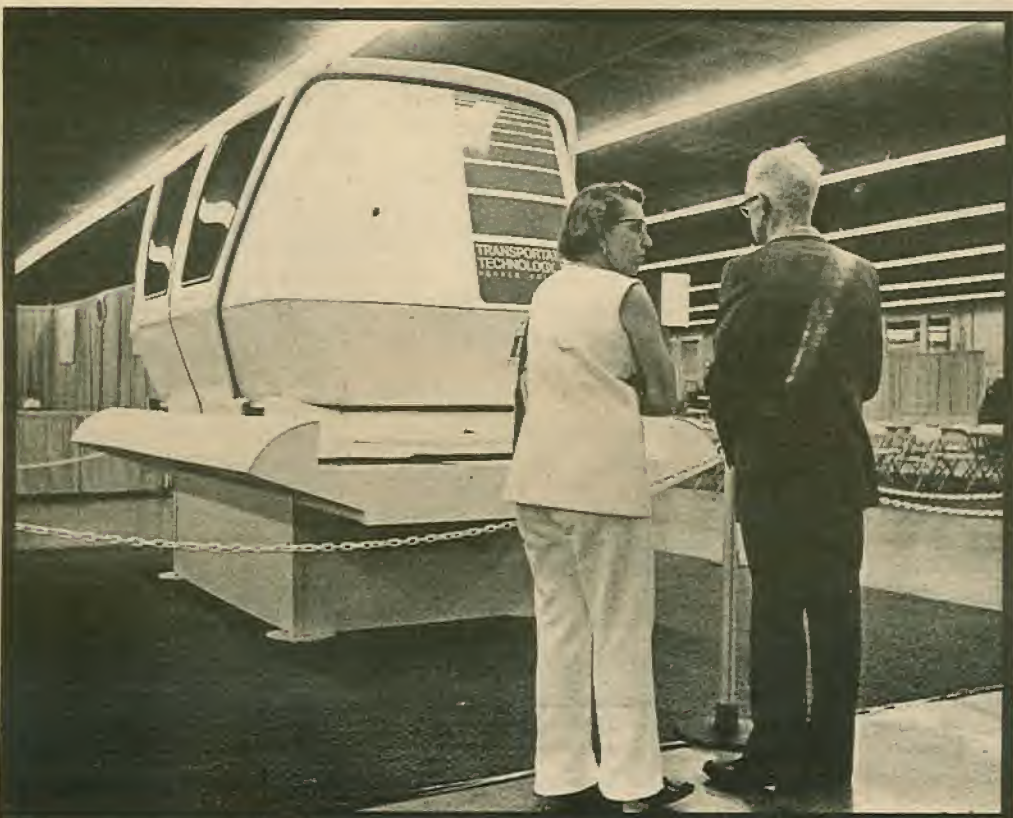
1) Law enforcement. (19 of 43 exhibits, by my count.) They'll have see-in-the-dark TV cameras roosting on telephone poles at every corner, computerized central control plugged into voluminous personal files and helicopter arrest squads, ubiquitous electronic sensors and bugs a la the Ho Chi Minh Trail, a frightening array of "non-lethal" crowd control weapons. All spin-offs from the electronic battlefield concept, all tested and proven in Vietnam.

2) Mass transit. (14 of 43 exhibits.) For the downtown area: People-Movers (moving sidewalks) and eight-passenger monorail buses that stop at every store and office building. These will feed into Jet-Foils (jet-powered, high-speed ferries) and monorail or air-cushion mass transit systems to carry shoppers and office workers home to the suburbs. Not surprisingly, most of these contraptions look remarkably like moon rockets and missiles turned on their sides.

That's it. Our major problems, as the T-Men see them. We're about to spend billions of our tax money to make it even more convenient for commuters and big business to ravage the cities by day and hightail it home to their walled-off R&R areas by night . . . and then billions more to keep the city residents left behind cowering harmlessly in their hootches. The result: domestic electronic imperialism, cybernetic racism, destruction of the city to save it. **By G.S.**



Above: The technocrat pays silent homage to his turbine. Left: The fire chief's new clothes.



Above: What every good Cub Scout should know—a 'how to' guide to police 'pacification' and crowd control. Left: The people of the present muse on the sterility of the future—a Bart-style wonder-car.

Photos: Roger Lubin

Riding the Zoetrope Merry-go-round with Coppola and the Prima Donnas

By Jess Ritter

Gelmis: Your screenwriting stint for *Seven Arts* ended badly, didn't it?
Coppola: It was traumatic. I was one of ten writers in "Is Paris Burning?" but Gore Vidal and I got the full screen credit for that fiasco. I quit and was fired at the same time. I was broke. I'd lost all my money. I owed the bank \$10,000. And I had two kids and a wife to support. I went to Denmark for some reason. I can't remember why, but I wanted to move there. I was very depressed . . . I had nothing. Not even a friend. I had lost all my friends because I was such a success.

—from interview in Joseph Gelmis' book, "The Film Director as Superstar." (1968)

For all his protestations, Francis Coppola is more Hollywood than he suspects.

—film critic Richard Schickel in a *Life* review. (1969)

The \$43,000 Mercedes-Benz 600 being

the SF arts scene during its early conception and construction, decline set in immediately during operation.

In September of 1969, I picked my way through the remodeling debris of the Zoetrope Folsom St. warehouse, following instructions telegraphed and telephoned from Warner Brothers-Seven Arts in New York to "get in touch with producer Francis Coppola... He's pretty excited about the *Life* magazine article you did on the People's Park arrests."

(I had just published, in the Aug. 15 issue of *Life*, a detailed personal account of Ronald Reagan's and Sheriff Frank Madigan's infamous "Operation Snatch," the random arrest of more than 500 Berkeley citizens during the 1969 People's Park agony. Four other professors from SF State College and I, in Berkeley that day to begin an environmental art project to dye the Bay, were snatched from the street along with hundreds of others, slammed without bail or communication into Santa Rita

presence, alternately charmed and baffled.

Having kept up with the doings of the Corman, Godard, Penn, Lester, Coppola generation of directors, I knew something about Francis Coppola's ambivalent career to that point—a Hollywood whiz kid who shot his first film, "Dementia 13," at age 23 with a pick-up crew from Roger Corman's production location in Ireland and then submitted the film as the first commercial production ever offered as a thesis for the UCLA film degree.

Schlock productions and personal films followed hard on each other with the brash "You're A Big Boy Now" in '66, the disastrous "Finian's Rainbow" in '68 and "The Rain People" in '69. The last two had failed artistically and financially but Coppola had a reputation as a fast, lyrical scriptwriter and Hollywood kept him busy.

Across from me at the phone,

THE FALL AND RISE

driven around by Francis Ford Coppola is a token of affection from Paramount for his directorial job on "The Godfather."

—Herb Caen in the *Chronicle*. (1972)

I had pretty much forgotten the vertigo of my go-round on the American Zoetrope, retaining only the flickering image of Francis Ford Coppola as I last saw him two years ago standing forlornly in the rain outside Fugazi Hall in North Beach, clutching his silver-and-gold Italian tuba. But the ubiquitous "Godfather" and Herb Caen's metronomic gossip items about Francis keep fanning the embers of my burnt-out Hollywood fantasy.

The one-year Francis Ford Coppola interlude in my life began and ended in the Hollywood dream world—one half the alluring promise of writing fulfillment and riches, the other half a piece of Kafka alogical nightmare where decisions were made somewhere "above," never announced, inexplicably reversed, never explained.

Between the beginning and ending, however, Coppola, the Hollywood maverick, persuasively sustained the image of his very own film factory, SF-based American Zoetrope, as a straight-shootin' counter-cultural alternative to Hollywood scam. And somewhere between these two poles, between the polished soap-opera schlock of "The Godfather" and the dream deferred of a new Hollywood-north in SF, wavers the problematic core of Coppola's fluid personality.

I don't want to have to make success. You know, if it means I've got to work on \$6,000 films in San Francisco, then I guess that's what I have to do. (Pause) I don't know, I'll probably do another big picture now. I really need the money.

—Coppola in Gelmis interview. (1968)

For a year I watched American Zoetrope lumber down the runway like an overloaded C5-A cargo plane trying to lift off, pushed from above by Warner Brothers money decisions and pulled from below by the young filmmakers who scoffed at Coppola's studio connections but itched to get at the studio money and all that fancy production equipment. Although Zoetrope flourished and beckoned on

prison farm, beaten, taunted and forced to lie face down on prison yard pavement for four hours, then jammed into prisoner-of-war type barracks overnight. I had figured that the cold written truth was the best weapon I had against this Nazification of America and apparently *Life* agreed.)

I have to admit that the Warner Brothers telegram set my neck hairs to sticking out, because an Arkansas boy who's read a few books doesn't really expect Hollywood to call in storybook fashion, and no matter how many Nathanael West books he's read, he doesn't have much resistance against the Dream Dump.

But now the lavish precision-steel Keller and Steenbeck editing equipment, the bold "Blow-Up" striped decor, the classy pool table and giant espresso urn in the lobby all shouted Money—money distributed knowingly by the under-30, longhair carpenters, technicians and obvious filmmakers swarming around, dodging piles of lumber and rolls of wiring.

Amidst such nervous excitement, my first visit was a classic Hollywood writer-director encounter: I cooled my heels on a makeshift bench for an hour and a half while the suddenly-mysterious Francis Coppola was "tied up in a script conference." My second visit set the neck hairs to prickling again. Pausing outside Coppola's huge office overlooking Folsom St., I perused the flock of telegrams on the bulletin board while awaiting orders from Mona, his secretary, to enter.

"Congratulations on the opening of American Zoetrope," went one. "Plan to make a film in San Francisco soon and wish to confer with you about facilities. Yours, Stanley Kubrick, Shepperton Studios, London, England."

"And Dalton Trumbo's in town," added Mona, widening her Betty Boop eyes. "He wants to make 'Johnny Got His Gun' here at Zoetrope. And Haskell Wexler's interested in your article, but you'd better talk to the Master about that."

Well dogbite my pecker but *this* was a long way from Cozahome, Arkansas, I mused, stumbling into Coppola's presence. He was on the phone to New York and waved me into a director's chair opposite. I had ample time to focus on a real Hollywood director's

Coppola projected the antithesis of whatever a Hollywood director should look. His dark, pudgily handsome features, set off well by a wiry black beard, arranged themselves around the phone, the slangy-casual New York accent assured and at ease. His dress was the Coppola uniform—faded, nondescript shirt, buttoned crookedly, shapeless patch-pocket cord slacks drooping from a slightly pooched middle.

He was getting irritated with the speaker in New York. "I don't give a damn where they are on location, the insurance is up and I want that equipment returned by tomorrow morning."

He hung up and grinned widely. "Welcome to movieland. Damn hippie filmmakers are going to be the death of me. Can't let go of those \$12,000 Mitchells." For the next hour I mostly listened to a running autobiography and philosophy of filmmaking. My article was "gripping and disturbing," he wanted to make a movie about "what's going on in this country."

We did a little circle tour of his sanctum, the big main office and adjacent private lounge. The lounge contained a stove, sink, icebox stocked with three rolls of Italian sausage (which elicited a peroration on the relative merits of Italian sausages), a massive oak 180-degree stereo speaker and a thick carpet.

"I looked at myself last year," explained Coppola, glancing at his reflection in the nearby windowpane, "and said, 'Here I am, almost 30, what am I going to do with my life?' I had to make a hard decision, and here I am. Now I've got my own place to make films and help other talented film people. I can write here in my office and sleep and eat right here in the lounge. I don't even need to go outside; do everything right here. San Francisco is going to become the new film capital of the world. I could have gone anywhere in the world—Sweden, Italy, they wanted me in Denmark, but I chose San Francisco, because this is where the talent and future of film is..."

Mona popped around the corner to announce "Stanley's on the phone."

I tried sorting it out, reading the inscription from "the citizens of Spezia, Italy, to director

Francis Ford Coppola, falling.

Marion Bulin

Coppola" etched on a loving cup nestled on a nearby shelf. A sumptuous, polished Italian tuba stood at half-attention next to a partially deflated, clear vinyl air-bag chair.

"That was Stanley Kramer from L.A.," said Coppola diffidently, springing up from his desk. "He wants to come up and discuss doing a picture using Zoetrope. Now let's talk about a film treatment of your article and your payment."

Thirty minutes later I drifted down the dark-blue Zoetrope stairs. Kubrick. Trumbo. Wexler. Italian sausage. Mitchells. Contract. Kramer. Dogbite my behind, but here I was, instructed to confer with my "agent" or "whoever your advisors are."

Apparently I could earn from \$1,000 to \$20,000 for story rights or screenplay. Apparently Coppola or Wexler or "one of the bright newcomers" would direct the film. Apparently Warner Brothers or Zoetrope or Coppola or private backers would

Devil's assistant, his own self.

"Good deal," Francis twinkled. "I believe in putting creative people together and leaving them alone. That's how to make great films. You and Steve just work together on Santa Rita and I'll be Executive Producer and stay out of your hair."

It was an auspicious start—Coppola passively yielding to the UCLA film school prodigy the initiative Wax quickly seized to drive the Santa Rita project directly and relentlessly into wreckage and ruin.

Gelmis: *Do you think that the key to the respect of young filmmakers is to bend the system to suit your personal style, as Jean-Luc Godard did when he got Carlo Ponti and Joe Levine to put up \$1,000,000 and then made "Contempt" his way?*

Coppola: *Yes. But the kids at school are the most narrow-minded of any age group. There are kids at UCLA*

"Just making a little movie, Officer, man over there's got a permit from the City."

He scowled at the acetate tape litter the sound grip had cut from his reels and flung into the gutter. "Got a call about a street disturbance here. Go ahead, but clean up that shit there in the gutter. A lot of people in this town are worried about e-cology."

Our movie caravan sped on to the Santa Rita prison facility in Pleasanton, Wax ignoring our sweaty apprehension. Nursing a bad set of nerves, I rode in the film bus talking about my night in Santa Rita as the camera ground away. Our bold young filmmaker ordered the driver to continue through the main prison gate while I considered smashing out a window and escaping down the highway. A guard stepped out of the booth and halted the bus.

"Wherein hell do you think you're goin' with THAT thing?" he demanded,

a script or about Wax's unavailability, he would evade charmingly, sending me off in a glow of generalized enthusiasm. There seemed to be something lacking at his center, a hollow place where problems should be faced. But we would discuss the purchase of a large Marin mansion for a "film-writer's retreat," while he posted more duns. Or we would dodge around the city so I could tell him just how and where a college professor would live, research for the screenplay he was writing about the "generation gap" in which a middle-aged college professor abandons his family to run off with a liberated hippified co-ed; Coppola shooting me and everything in sight with his vest-pocket Minolta.

Once, in the midst of my plea for cooperation, he waved a Variety rave notice of "Patton" at me (which he scripted with Edward North), saying wistfully, "You know, it's nice to have a success after so many failures." I

OF FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA

bankroll the film. Apparently there would be a movie—"Santa Rita."

Since my agent and advisor was my own muleheaded self, I wrote Francis a memorandum containing a suggested film treatment of the Santa Rita debacle, asking for twice as much money as he was willing to pay. I later attended the spectacular Zoetrope opening party, basking in the comment elicited by the Variety announcement of the upcoming Santa Rita production.

In January I signed an ominous-looking standard "Writer's Deal Contract" for less than the Writer's Guild minimum and then hovered near the phone while Francis scurried around on final production and distribution details of the first Zoetrope film, George Lucas' "THX-1138."

I continued to wait while Francis then scurried around arranging emergency loans to pay off the exorbitant remodeling costs of the Zoetrope facility. And waited while he scurried around trying to get the interminably malfunctioning Keller and Steenbeck editing equipment in working order so Zoetrope could start making some money by renting facilities.

Then we met again in the private lounge next to the Spezia, Italy, trophy. "This is Steve Wax," said Francis, indicating a young man in scruffy quasi-cowboy garb, a very lean and hungry look quirked around the corners of his mouth.

"Steve's got great promise and I want him to do something for Zoetrope," Francis expanded. "He's never done a production film, but he did a great 12-minute thesis film at UCLA. They still talk about it."

"I've also done 40 minutes of a 60-minute trilogy," offered Wax, in his fast mumble. "Nobody but me understands it, but a lot of people like it."

After further chitchat and other interruptions by the assortment of film people who seemed to live in the woodwork, Francis cornered me by the espresso machine in the lobby. Arranging his features into his engaging small-boy-eager-for-approval guise, he popped the question: "Could you work with Wax, you think?"

I wanted to pat him reassuringly. By that time I was high enough on all the independent, brave new filmmaking in the air to work with the

and USC who are incredible Godard addicts.

Gelmis: *Isn't it the nature of the revolutionary to be confident?*

Coppola: *Yes, but it's so narrow. I'm trying not to be narrow myself. I'm trying to bounce this whole marvelous thing of making movies off what I am as a human being. That's why my feelings are very hurt about all of this. (1968)*

When Steve Wax showed up at my house in Moss Beach for a day's pre-production shooting accompanied by a big, bearded Ph.D. Gestalt psychologist and his Ph.D. Gestalt psychologist wife, it signified I had signed on for a tour of duty in the Zoetrope zoo. (Said psychologist later graduated to leading undressed Gestalt encounter groups in San Francisco and planning publication of a Gestalt magazine titled "Elephant Shit.")

"The purpose of Gestalt psychology in filmmaking," the psychologist intoned, "is to help you who lived through the Santa Rita imprisonment re-create the fear and hate, love and horror you felt then."

Thanks to the hysterical Santa Rita guards, their clubs and our lying face down on gravelled pavement for four hours just for being in Berkeley, I had been busy dodging the rushes of "fear, hate and horror." No love. But when you're making a counter-cultural movie, you've got a lot to learn. The two Gestalt psychologists spent the rest of the day encountering each other in the back of the movie bus.

Next we had to go to Berkeley, where the four of us arrested together were to re-enact our bust for the cameras. Given our gun-shy attitudes and the spooky political climate in Berkeley following People's Park, it was like taking a dose of salts to reappear at the corner of Addison and Shattuck, watching the five amateur actors doing manic imitations of us and the cops.

In a terrible moment of déjà vu, two Berkeley patrol cars swooped down on the scene. Easing over to my wife, I slipped her our car keys with instructions to call our Union lawyer if anything happened. I then sauntered over to the nearest hard-eyed officer surveying the scene from behind the driver's wheel.

reaching through the bus window to cover the Arriflex lens with a pie-plate hand.

"We're just driving into the Visitor's lot, taking some pictures on the way," Wax reasoned.

The guard stepped back, sticking both thumbs in his cartridge belt. "You're what? You're goin' right around here in a tight circle and take your ass straight back out of here, or ya'll ALL wind up for a visit, bus, camera and every damn one of ya. Now make your turn and get out! And put that goddamn camera down on the floor."

I went for Wax. "Hey, man, I've got all the authenticity you need in my story and in the notebooks. This is crazy. Let's go get to work on a script."

But Wax, who never bothered to explain himself or listen much to anybody, had been muttering darkly about "the filmmaker as witness" and other such half-digested Godard crap, insisting that a script only got in the way of great films.

Back at Zoetrope, Francis was light-heartedly tacking up dun notices of \$20,000 loans due to L.A. banks, assuring us that things were boffo, that "Warner Brothers believes in us and is going to back seven or eight projects." Coppola would post a dun notice from a bank and then Wax would post skip-tracer notices on him for bills owed L.A. film equipment agencies.

Santa Rita hung fire while potential filmmaker Steve Wax maneuvered with his new money into a \$450-a-month Sausalito house and rented facilities for his studio in Sausalito's Gate 5, also arranging to move his antique cars up from L.A. The Santa Rita Production Manager moved from the Haight to Bolinas; a research writer moved from a friend's garage into the Haight. Wax started putting a series of Berkeley street radicals on the Santa Rita payroll, circling around the Bay Area on "research." But no script.

The few times I approached Francis about getting down to work on

could only gnash my way out past the pool table, feeling half-guilty for burdening the great man so.

By April the money was still around, although Zoetrope was doing no rental or local business whatsoever; the expensive Steenbeck and Keller editing equipment stayed permanently on the fritz. Business managers replaced one another. Several TV film outfits and other projects had withdrawn in anger and frustration at the sloppy Zoetrope management. Warner Brothers seemed to be paying all the bills and also calling most of the tunes. I again tried to push Francis to what needed to be a show-down. He double-evaded me as usual.

"Goddamnit, Francis, Wax is still running around on 'research'. He ignores me, disappears, but sure did manage to slip you that amended contract transferring my final script revision money to him if he chooses to write the final script.

Nobody had told me that. I simply saw it on his desk one day.

"Look, Jess, you were hired to write a script. Go and write it. Steve's never made a feature film before. He's creative; I figure I'll give him freedom and he'll learn the discipline that comes from the craft. You're the writer, not him. If your script's the best, we'll go with it."

It sounded brave and idealistic and would probably work with someone who truly cared about his craft. What I learned mighty quick and hard was that Wax was sharpening the double-cross; Zoetrope's Warner Brothers backing was teetering on the edge of a precipice and Francis Ford Coppola would deftly vanish himself from my presence when things really went smash.

(To be continued)

NEXT: The Case of the Purloined Script . . . Freddie the Hip Capitalist, Studio Executive Script Doctor . . . Warner's Yanks the Rug From Under Coppola . . . "Godfather" to the Rescue.

"The Legal Problems of The Poor Are Things Our Members Don't Know Anything About..."

By William Ristow

S.F. BAR ASSOCIATION

Fun for the whole family!... all day tours to the wine region... the ladies will sponsor a fashion show at the Fairmont... tours of six distinguished SF homes... golf days for men and women... the Ice Follies... musical comedy... an all-day tour of Disneyland...

—SF Bar Association newsletter, July 1972

Yes, the San Francisco Bar Association has cranked itself up for a grand showing, and it will have lots of fun and games for its fellow members of the American Bar Association, in town Aug. 10-17 for its 95th annual convention.

But for the rest of the year it's pretty quiet for the SF Bar—because the Bar and its big, prestigious law firms do almost nothing for the people of the city in the way of public interest legal work.

The Bar and the big firms back the incumbent judges each election and then plug away for the judges' expensive pitch for new buildings—but they do almost nothing to help the consumer, give little or no legal aid to poor and minority groups, side-step taking stands on burning judicial issues like delay in the courts and discrimination in the law firms, give no financial support to embattled legal-reform groups like the O.R. bail project which is fast running out of money in its program of low-cost or free bail for imprisoned suspects with no money.

The Bar Association represents more than 75% of SF's licensed attorneys; it is a goldmine of potential social and political influence—but it refused to support the Supreme Court on busing, it declined to comment on chronic absenteeism of the judges, it passed up the chance to join a lawsuit challenging

the Bar Exam as discriminatory and it satisfies itself with one token "general counsel" who can make good recommendations that the Association eventually ignores anyway.

Item: Ralph Nader shook up lots of law firms around the country when he started lacing into them for ignoring public interest work several years ago, and he got some results:

—in Washington, D.C., Arnold and Porter has a full-time public interest partner, and gives all its lawyers 15% of their firm time to assist him.

—in Baltimore, Piper and Marbury—and in Philadelphia, Saul, Ewing, Remick and Saul—staff and operate branch offices in low-income communities.

—in Los Angeles, O'Melveny and Meyers formed a committee of members involved in public interest work; the firm also serves as general counsel for the L.A. Urban Coalition.

And in San Francisco?

Jeff Zimmerman and Bill Shunas surveyed the 15 biggest law firms here, and found little more than a lot of nebulous talk about "encouraging" lawyers to do outside work. But that encouragement, they found, almost never results in more than 5% of the firm's time. "San Francisco is behind New York and Washington in recognizing the importance of public interest law," admitted Jim Caleshu of Miller, Groezinger, Pettit and Evers.

And when they do tiptoe into the public interest realm, they point to clients like flower clubs and the SF Opera (Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro), the Sierra Club (Lillick, McHose, Wheat, Adam and Charles), the Mill Valley

School Board (Heller, Ehrman, White and McAuliffe). What about the poor, the blacks, the prisoners? They almost never show up in the big firms' records.

Wylie Sheldon, working with the Lawyers' Committee on Urban Affairs [LCUA] and providing liaison between downtown firms and clients needing free legal help, told the Guardian that "what is being done in San Francisco is very spotty. Morrison, Foerster, Holloway, Clinton and Clark does an inordinate amount; it's the most public service-minded firm in the city."

Morrison, Foerster, Holloway, Clinton and Clark, for example, has a direct referral arrangement by which seven or eight firm attorneys handle criminal trials—not just appeals, like most firms—for low-income people. Morrison lawyers are defending San Quentin prisoners allegedly involved in the Jackson shoot-out events; others are working with the Marin County Child Development Council.

Item: The Beverly Hills Bar Assoc., fired up three years ago by a Nader speech on what lawyers ought to be doing, decided to provide low-cost/free legal services as a body. It got an official donation of \$15,000 from the Board of Governors of the Association and set up a foundation to serve the needs of the community.

"We're the first organized bar anywhere with our own public interest law firm," Stan Levy, head of the foundation, told the Guardian. He has between 40 and 50 lawyers working for him on a part-time basis. The foundation has convinced "the larger law firms to make a commitment to take one major case for

us" and it provides a continuing community and legal reform service.

And in San Francisco?

We looked at the record of the SF Bar Association and found some more talk about "commitment" to the public interest and we found a batch of half-hearted efforts—aimed to broaden the SFBA's work—but we also saw the Association taking no public stands in favor of law reform or poverty law or consumer law, no critical stands on the courts or the agencies of justice in SF, in fact no major official stands at all except to support the incumbent judges for re-election and support the judges' cry for more courts.

The Association started in the right direction in 1970, forming a Special Review Committee which acknowledged the SFBA's failure to serve the public and recommended more official concern with social issues.

But it has been downhill from there. The Bar hired attorney Richard Morris to implement the committee's report in July 1971. Well, he made lots of recommendations, many of them excellent, but he needn't have bothered, for the SFBA Board promptly threw cold water on most of them. Thus:

—Morris recommended a request for more money for the O.R. bail project, a vital service for getting low-income suspects out of jail. The Board talked about the request, then sent out a couple of harmless letters to officials.

—Morris recommended official SFBA comment on the conduct of the SF judges; the Board took no action, ignoring the high absenteeism in the courtrooms, ignoring the evidence about lazy

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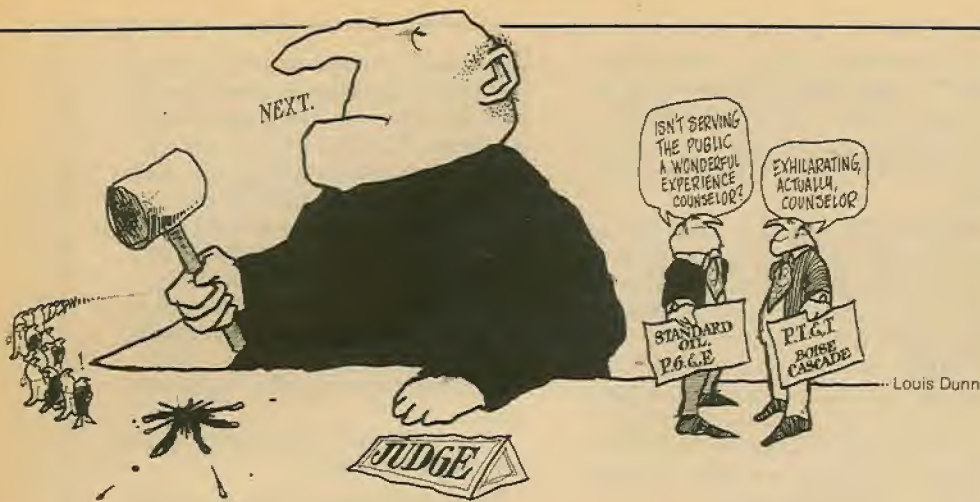
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judges and about lawyers too timid to raise their voices in protest.

—Morris recommended official SFBA comment when Sheriff-candidate Richard Hongisto laced into the judges for not working enough hours—and one judge blustered that Hongisto should be declared in contempt of court for daring to criticize them; the Board said nothing.

—Morris recommended an official SFBA stand upholding the Supreme Court orders on busing in favor of testing the busing issue in court and in opposition to Mayor Alioto's political anti-busing remarks; the Board talked about it privately and said nothing.

All the SFBA has done, in fact, has been to make up an ultra blue-ribbon committee to "study the administration of justice" in San Francisco. Leading the committee: John A. Sutro of Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro (Standard Oil, PTT, Westbay Assoc., the suit on behalf of the Port Authority to open up the piers to U.S. Steel, Oceanic Properties, etc.), establishment lawyer par excellence.

Sutro torpedoed the whole purpose of the committee from the start by deciding to work hand in hand with the judges, the targets of the investigation. The result? After 16 months, Sutro's committee suggested a couple of minor housekeeping reforms palatable to the judges. It joined with the judges, for example, in calling for the voters to support an expensive bond issue for more courtroom space—even though observers from Sheriff Hongisto to the Mayor's Crime Committee to the Guardian to KGO's Harv Morgan had demonstrated again and again that the judges didn't need more space—they just needed to use their existing courts more efficiently, to work on Fridays, hold night court, come in some Saturdays.

Other than that, the committee has floated out a few tame memos and reports on trial delays, calendar administration, arbitration of personal injury cases and the like, and has lobbied with the judges to make them more available for bail purposes.

Again, nothing that would keep the judges on the job and cut down the state's biggest backlog of cases—a backlog so big that last fall, before the judges were pressured into cutting down the delays, a person could count on a civil case taking three years to get to trial in San Francisco.

The city's major law firms, the big powers in the SFBA, are no better. Chris May, acting chief counsel for the Mission

office of Neighborhood Legal Assistance, gave us the public's view of public interest law. NLA, he explained, serving low-income people in the community, needs all the help it can get. What it gets from downtown is some lawyers as volunteers one night a week, but that's not much help at all.

"The big firms don't really encourage this kind of work," May told us, "and they certainly don't initiate it. A lot of these attorneys are unwilling to take up cases involving litigation—they just want to give advice, settle things quickly, which is a substantial curtailment on their ability to help us."

The firms could be valuable to NLA, says May, if they would be willing to put their reputation behind NLA law suits; but that rarely happens.

Inside many firms, meanwhile, the outlook for a socially concerned lawyer is grim. "People who stay on in that kind of firm are the guys who are into being oppressed," says Tom Silk, who quit last year as an attorney for Brobeck, Phleger and Harrison.

Silk, the firm's "token public interest lawyer," was allowed to spend up to 30% of his time working with the ACLU and ghetto groups. Because of his success, Atherton Phleger (son of Herman Phleger, a senior partner) asked Silk for advice about instituting a firm-wide policy.

"I think we should make it clear," wrote Phleger in an office memorandum, "that the men can do the volunteer work, and we should advise them where they are needed." In response, Silk drafted up some proposals following the public interest example of New York and Washington firms, "but Atherton ran up against the conservative partners, who didn't want to do anything at all."

Now, says Silk, "the firm doesn't officially indicate to new members that public service is encouraged or considered proper—and the lack of policy has kept most people from doing real public interest work."

(Footnote: While Brobeck, Phleger and Harrison didn't see fit to prepare a policy on public interest law for its attorneys, it did concoct a dress code for its secretaries. Silk recalls the dress code memo: "It forbade jersey-type materials, boots and dark tights; it allowed pants suits—but only if they were really suits, and if the top came far enough down over the waist.")

It's the same in No. 1, Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro. One SF attorney who worked for the firm for two years

Continued on page 8

PUBLIC INTEREST LAW IN S.F.

These fifteen are the giant corporate firms, with huge incomes from their regular clients (Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro is on an annual retainer of more than \$1 million from the phone company alone—defending PTT in its struggle to foil the courts and keep the rates high). But almost none make any serious attempt to serve the poor, the consumer, the minorities, the prisoners—people who can't pay the going rate of \$50 an hour. Some let their individual lawyers do as they wish sometimes—but they won't let them do much on firm time, and they almost never attach their prestigious names and reputations to public service cases.

The best of the big firms in SF: Morrison, Foerster, Holloway, Clinton and Clark. (List compiled by Jeff Zimmerman and Bill Shunas.)

Firm	No. of Lawyers*	Representative Clients	Public Interest Work: amount, comments
Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro	149	Standard Oil, PTT, Bank of Calif., Westbay Associates	About 10,000 hours or 6% of firm's time in 1971. For clients like the Opera, Sierra Club, flower clubs. "They would not ease your case load to do public interest..." former PMS attorney says.
Brobeck, Phleger and Harrison	74	Wells Fargo, United Air Lines, Fibre-board, Broadway-Hale	Say they "encourage" it; but most done by 2 attorneys. "The lack of policy keeps most lawyers from doing real public interest work," says former Brobeck atty. Tom Silk.
McCutchen, Doyle, Brown and Enerson	62	PG&E, Chrysler	Say all lawyers do some—but only as long as it doesn't interfere with other firm work.
Heller, Ehrman, White and McAuliffe	51	Wells Fargo, I. Magnin, Roos-Atkins, Boise Cascade	Say all lawyers do some—but cite examples like school board membership. Firm's name cannot be used in public interest work.
Morrison, Foerster, Holloway, Clinton and Clark	51	Crocker Bank, Berkeley Co-op, Memorex	Considered "the most public service-minded firm in the city" by Lawyers' Committee head. Worked on major jail reform suit, does "an inordinate amount."
Thelan, Marrin, Johnson and Bridges	46	Holiday Inn	"Encouragement" to do up to 10% of work on public interest; much of it criminal appeals. But individual attorneys under some pressure not to do too much, to concentrate on fee-producing work.
Bronson, Bronson and McKinnon	43	Insurance companies (e.g., Aetna) on casualty claims	Less than 5% of firm's total. Have handled housing discrimination, legal assistance cases.
Orrick, Herrington Rowley and Sutcliff	43	Crown Zellerbach, Transamerica, United Calif. Bank, Safeway	"We encourage it... but it's not very substantial." (Less than 5% of firm's time.) Samples: old ladies' homes, minority business, heroin clinics.
Chickering and Gregory	33	Crocker Bank, Leslie Salt, Del Monte	(Refused to discuss its public interest policy.)
Lillick, McHose, Wheat Adams and Charles	32	ABC, Texaco, Bethlehem Steel, Lockheed	In 1970, about 3% of firm's time. Has handled draft and criminal cases, also legal assistance.
Miller, Groezinger, Pettit and Evers	32	Union Bank, Italian Swiss Colony	"Encourage attorneys to take on whatever public interest clients they wish..." But: attorney must do 1,600 fee-producing hours of work per year, leaving almost no official time for public interest.
Sedgwick, Detert, Moran and Arnold	30	Del Monte, Diamond International	Estimates more than 10% of firm time is public interest. Do arbitration, criminal cases.
Cooley, Gaither, Godward, Castro and Huddleson	28	General Electric, Rand Corp., Sutter Hill Venture	Has handled "minor matters" including indigent clients and Sierra Club; encourages work, but no estimate of time involved.
Cooper, White and Cooper	25	Chronicle, KRON, Dow Jones, Curtis Publishing, Cowles Communications	Accepts some public interest cases (court referrals), no figures. Sample individual projects: challenged forced pregnancy leave, worked with neighborhood youth group.
Bledsoe, Smith, Cathcart, Johnson and Rogers	18	Western Pacific R.R., Safeway, Kaiser Hospital	"The partners don't want to divulge anything about public interest work." —Ms. Curran, office manager

* Source: Martindale-Hubbell Law Directory

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"Most big downtown firms spend less than 5% of their time on public interest work."

Continued from previous page

(who declined to be named because his work now occasionally requires him to deal with Pillsbury) recalls that the partners "would absolutely not ease your work load to allow public interest work; any public service they do doesn't displace their paying work."

"The firm's name is almost never used in public interest cases," he adds, "and that's significant to the outcome."

Even in the looser firms, there's a big catch: lawyers have to produce plenty of paying work before they can

do something without a fee. At Miller, Groezinger, Pettit and Evers, Jim Caleshu reports, "the firm encourages attorneys to take on whatever public interest clients they wish, without concern for politics, and they can do it on firm time."

The snag: each attorney is expected to produce 1,600 hours of fee-producing, non-public interest work for regular clients each year. But when the ABA's own Committee on the Economics of Law Practice says, "there are only approximately 1,300 fee-producing hours

per year unless the lawyer works overtime," it then becomes obvious that an attorney at Miller, Groezinger, Pettit and Evers has little choice but to do volunteer work on his own time, not the firm's.

No, the SF Bar Association and the big SF law firms won't have much to show the ABA in the way of legal aid for the poor, the oppressed, the discriminated against, the consumer. The major law firms in eastern cities and Los Angeles have worked out policies for several years now, but San Francisco stumbles along ("We've gone through 30 attempts to formalize our public interest activity," admits Caleshu).

After Harv Morgan, KGO's investigative reporter, concluded his two months' study and indictment of the SF courts

and judges, he was invited to speak to the SF Bar Association. There, he tore into the lawyers for their part in the problems of judicial inefficiency and court delays and staggering case loads:

"I accuse you of knowing and yet allowing the conditions to exist. . . Why did you not, as a body, as the SF Bar Association, raise a loud and lovely sound of alarm? As a powerful and respected organization, you can mutter mightily. You should have. . . You should have told us before it got this bad."

The SFBA has done nothing since to prove Morgan wrong.

Ed. note: Research for this article was done, in part, by Guardian Summer Project reporters Peter Gubbins, Jeff Zimmerman and Bill Shunas. □

S.F. LEGAL SERVICES

Standard lawyer's fee in San Francisco is \$50/hr.—prohibitive for most people with legal problems. Below, a directory of where to go for cheap—sometimes free—legal advice, aid in bringing a lawsuit, etc. (List compiled by Guardian reporter Jeff Zimmerman.)

Ed. note: Two major legal service groups, the ACLU and Public Advocates, Inc., have not been included. While both spend all their time on public interest law, both are also flooded with cases and cannot handle applicants on a walk-in basis.

Community/minority legal services

Asian Legal Services, 599 Jackson, SF, 398-2213. Free or low-cost legal aid primarily for Chinatown residents. Criminal, tax, immigration, welfare cases.

Mexican-American Legal Defense and Education Fund, 145 9th St., SF, 626-6196. Class-action civil rights, referrals for individuals.

People's Community Legal Aid Program (Black Panther Party), 8501 E. 14th St., Oakland, 636-1986 (24 hours). Counseling, buses to prisons, bail advice, criminal law referral service.

Consumer Law

In general, the following groups work with volunteer attorneys who will give consumers legal advice and, usually for a fee, assistance.

SF Consumer Action, 2290 Van Ness, SF, 776-8400.

Mission Coalition, 647-3140 (Dan Molton, consumer complaints advisor).

Oakland Consumer Action Council, c/o Oakland Legal Aid, 465-4376 (Jackie Jaramillo).

Consumers United, P.O. Box 311, Palo Alto, 327-8431.

Diablo Valley Consumer Action League, c/o S. Main Co-op, 1295 S. Main, Walnut Creek, 893-8178 (Linda Akullian).

Criminal/prison legal services

Note: Few agencies exist to handle criminal cases other than the county's Public Defender office.

Aid in Criminal Defense, 1501 Galvez, SF, 285-6200. Criminal law assistance, only for residents of Model Cities area.

O.R. Project, 2362 Bancroft, Berk., 548-2438. No referral service, no fee. Arrange for O.R. release of prisoners. Sponsor drug program for arrested persons.

O. R. Project, Hall of Justice, SF, 552-2202.

Prison Law Project, 5406 Claremont, Berk., 658-8969. Class-action suits involving major prison cases, rarely handle individual actions.

Gay legal services

Society for Individual Rights (SIR), 83 6th St., SF, 781-1570, open noon-8 p.m. Emergency referral service, special police/entrapment problems.

Women's legal services

Society for Human Abortion, P.O. Box 1862, SF, 387-6480. No referrals, primarily information.

Women's Legal Center, c/o National Lawyer's Guild, 558 Capp St., SF, 285-5066.

Women's Refuge Center, c/o YWCA, 2134 Alston Way, Berk., 845-8354. A new group, plans to distribute legal information and advice beginning in September.

Youth legal services

Chinatown-North Beach Youth Service Center, 250 Columbus, SF, 433-7163.

Energy, 1181 34th Ave., SF, 681-2500. Serves Sunset and Richmond. Generally free, if under 18. Lawyers serve as court workers/probation workers to release juveniles from Guidance Center.

Neighborhood Youth Assistance Center, 1370 Wallace, SF, 822-5890. Legal counseling for juveniles, negotiate for release of inmates from Youth Guidance Center.

Real Alternatives Program (RAP), 1000 Guerrero St., SF, 826-6474. Primarily non-criminal legal work.

Teen Center, Inc., 301 Dowling St., San Leandro, 560-1171 (hotline: 569-5438). Emergency legal advice given over the phone.

Western Addition Youth Defense, 2356 Pine St., SF, 563-3791.

Youth Law Center, 795 Turk, SF, 474-5865. Will take juvenile criminal cases; must fall within federal poverty limits: i.e., maximum annual income \$4,100 for a family of four.

General/miscellaneous legal services, SF

Employment Law Center, 795 Turk, 474-5865. Employment discrimination cases; no age, income limits.

Haight-Ashbury Legal Project, 1746 Haight, 864-2240, M-F 1-6 p.m. Volunteer law students, legal advice on divorce, tenant cases.

National Lawyers' Guild, 558 Capp St., 285-5066. Movement-oriented lawyers, represent political groups, but with limited resources. Leftist watchdog on legal institutions. Sample projects: Military Law Panel, Women's Legal Center, Prison Law Collective, People's Law School. The NLG is one of the best clearing houses for legal services of any kind and for finding public interest lawyers.

Lawyers' Club of SF, Attorney Reference Panel, Jack Tar Hotel, 673-6025. Panel of 200 attorneys, \$10 fee for 1/2 hour, some

consideration for poverty. Specialize in domestic, personal injury, incorporation work.

Legal Assistance for Small Business, 893-8683. Minority-oriented.

People's Legal Co-op, 1200 5th Ave., 566-2345. Phone advice on legal rights; no fee for initial interviews. Specialize in criminal, divorce, tenant, personal injury.

Project One, 130 Howard St., 863-3787. Law collective, 1182 Market, rm. 412, 864-2600. Low-cost political, criminal, civil rights legal work.

SF Bar Assoc., Lawyer Reference Service, 220 Montgomery St., 391-6102. Private attorneys, \$10 fee for 1/2 hour, can be waived. About 400 attorneys available, handle all types of cases.

SF Lawyers' Committee for Urban Affairs, 220 Montgomery St., 989-9444. Fee: expenses only. Standard cases: incorporation, civil rights, housing discrimination, minority business advice.

SF Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation, 1095 Market St., 626-3811. OEO-funded, open only to people within federal poverty guidelines, i.e., maximum annual income \$4,100 for a family of four. Assist non-profit corporations.

Tenants Action Group, 1310 Haight, 552-1741. Law students, provide advice on small claims, landlord harassment.

General/miscellaneous legal services, East Bay

East Oakland Switchboard, 2812 73rd Ave., Oakland, 569-6369.

Lawyers' Listening Post, 632-5432, Thurs. 6:30-9:30 p.m. For Oakland residents only.

Tenants Action Project, 2700 Bancroft Way, Berk., 843-6601, 843-6647. Small UC project, advice on strategy in housing problems.

West Oakland Legal Switchboard, 863-3013, open 9 a.m.-2 p.m., weekdays. Law students, no lawyers, no income or geographic restrictions.

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Photos: Roger Lubin

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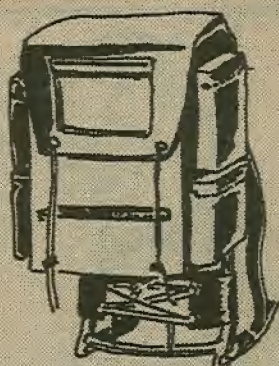
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Exceptional values. 845-4493

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We Can't Afford to Lose Him.

Ron Dellums is elected by the 7th District in California but he speaks
for people across the United States.

And if you think Congressman Ron Dellums is sure
of re-election, you better take a look at the facts -

- The lines of his district were just re-drawn to
include several suburban, conservatively oriented
communities.
- The Republican National Committee has singled out
Ron Dellums as a special target for 1972
- one of the key Democratic Congressmen
they plan to defeat in November.



Ron Dellums is ready to wage an uphill fight - to take his case to the people.
The problem is finances.

So far, the Dellums campaign has been forced to meet the Republican attack with an empty treasury.
It has been difficult to pay for even the basics of a campaign - headquarters, phones, mailings, literature.

For two years Ron's been working in Washington as a People's Congressman.

He's made a lot of powerful enemies and he's not going to get any fat-cat contributions.

Instead, he has to turn to the people he represents

- blacks, browns, women, working men,
environmentalists, senior citizens,
young people -

you.

Even a relatively small contribution can have an
enormous impact on Ron's campaign. It can help
make the difference between an active headquarters
operation and closed doors - between mobilization
of inner city voters or continued low turnout and
under-representation - between a broadening of
Ron's people's coalition or defeat at the hands of
racially-oriented attacks.

It's worth a lot of money to the Nixon Republicans
to knock Ron Dellums out of Congress.

What's it worth to you to keep him there?

■ Ron's opponent is a Republican businessman
with unlimited financial backing who will run
a slick, well-organized campaign that may
attempt to divide the voters along racial lines
- to turn the district's 75% white voters
against Ron Dellums.

■ Nearly 30% of the Democrats voted against Ron
in the primary. If they aren't turned around
- IF the same percentage vote against him in
November - Ron will lose by a decisive margin.

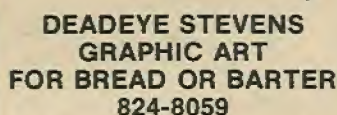
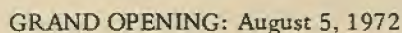
It's worth \$_____ to me to keep Ron Dellums in Congress. Enclosed
is my contribution. (Make checks payable to Dellums for Congress.)

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PAGE 10

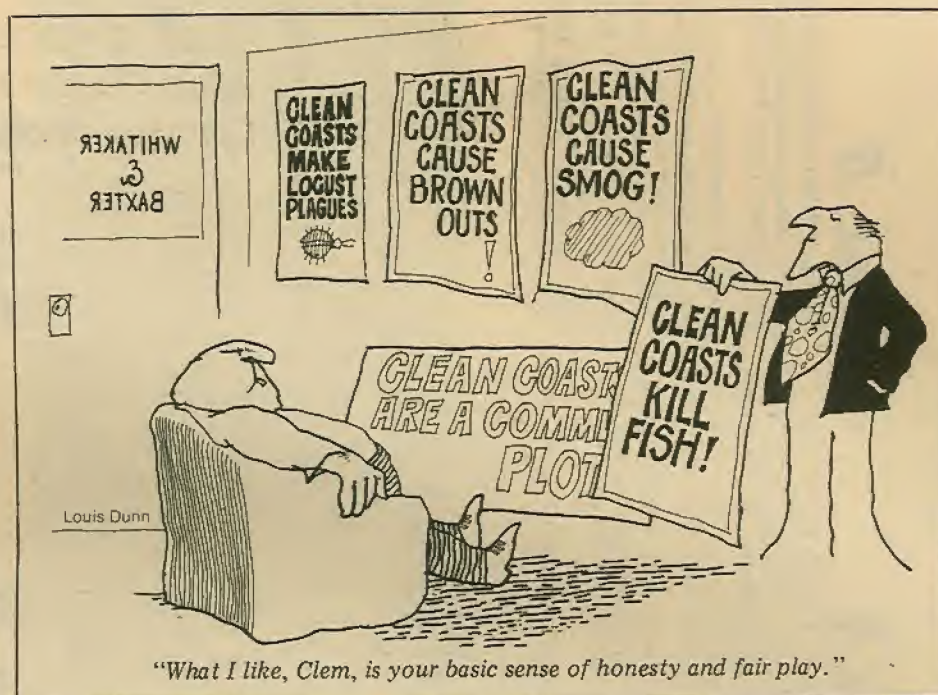
Clem vs. the Coast

Clem Whitaker and the Muckmakers are at it again. They scored a big hit with their "back to the washboards" smear campaign that killed Prop. 9, the Clean Environment act; and now they take on an equally subversive initiative, the Coastline Protection initiative, on the November ballot.

We're looking forward to a dilly from Clem and Mike Abramson and the land developers and the water polluters and the whole gang. "The campaign is progressing," Clem told the Sacramento Bee on Aug. 2. "We're in the process of planning our advertising campaign and doing the budget research."

What will Clem have for us this time? Will he warn the public of dire consequences if we try to save our last skimpy bits of beach from commercial and industrial ravages? Will he proclaim the health hazards of clean surf, say a clean coast will put us back on the bread line, that the whole state will come screeching to a halt unless freeways can be laid down across the sand dunes?

Where's the money coming from? Nobody's talking much; nobody will even own up to hiring W&B. The State Chamber of Commerce has been doing a lot of the early propagandizing against the coastal initiative, and the "Dirty 34," the lobbyists who have chucked out every piece of tough coastal legis-



"What I like, Clem, is your basic sense of honesty and fair play."

lation to come to Sacramento in years, will be in there big.

But no matter where the money comes from, there will be a lot of it and only a strong, well-organized grass-roots battle will have a chance.

And therein lies a major problem. Indications from the camps of the Sierra Club and Janet Adams' Coastal Alliance are that it's not yet a smooth effort; that time's running out to buy media spots, that the vital precinct organization is lacking, that there's no strong spokesman, that there's not

enough coordination between northern and southern California.

Example: Ed Koupal, leader of the People's Lobby fight for Prop. 9, met with the Coastline Protection people and offered his printing press, his mailing lists, his membership lists, his computer breakout information on regions of the state and his staff to operate all the printing and publishing equipment.

The response? Nothing. Nobody, it seems, wants to have their name associated with Koupal and People's Lobby. "We're concerned with the

coastline initiative, not Prop. 9," says Pete Douglas, aide to Assemblyman Alan Sieroty. "We don't want People's Lobby involved in this campaign." Koupal assured them he would keep out of it, keep a low profile, but this wasn't enough.

The coastline people talk bravely about a campaign chest of \$250,000 and hiring an ad agency of their own. Hiring an agency is a good idea; it can guarantee better press relationships than Koupal got from a hostile media, and can put together a tight campaign structure—but it's getting mighty late and that money will be scarce this fall. Clem Whitaker can put together a million dollars in a minute with contributions of \$25,000; environmentalists have to count on smaller individual donations, that take a long time to raise.

The coast is not going to be saved by making a leper of Koupal and by promoting further divisions in the conservation movement that W&B so successfully exploited, with the Sierra Club's help, during the Prop. 9 campaign. To win, the coastline forces need much more than \$250,000 and some respectable names. They need a united campaign using, as a starter, every segment of the conservation coalition; and they need to get started quickly and at the campuses and the grass roots and the places where Koupal got his momentum and his 2½ million votes.

By William Ristow

Millions For Yerba Buena

Item: The city says it's too broke to comply with a state law requiring reorganization of the Central Permit Bureau and Bureau of Building Inspection records. So it wants to charge San Franciscans who have to use these records. The proposed fee: \$1.50 or more for one reproduction of a record, plus 50¢ or more for each additional copy—and, \$3 or more just to have one record pulled, not for reproduction, but simply to be looked at.

Item: The County Clerk's office has been too broke to meet its legal obligation and mail out divorce decrees (no money for postage or the necessary personnel).

On and on it goes: \$2.7 million to move a perfectly good sewer to make way for Yerba Buena; millions in bond subsidies to Candlestick Park and parking garages; hundreds of thousands to outside private attorneys doing the work the City Attorney's office should be doing (starting with Fred Furth making tens of thousands doing Redevelopment legal work on Yerba Buena).

And now, after the city just gave an \$860,000 Hotel Tax allocation to the San Francisco Convention and Visitors Bureau, our Supervisors have coughed up another \$51,000 for the Bureau to spend—on a model of the Yerba Buena Center (\$22,000) and brochures to advertise it (\$29,000). They did this without knowing how the Bureau intends to spend the \$860,000, or why the \$51,000 can't come out of this \$860,000 allocation.

The point: The city and the Supervisors plead poverty again and again, keep taxes going up, now even want to establish a tollgate at City Hall and charge people for the right to examine public documents.

But the Supervisors handed out \$51,000 on a silver platter and didn't ask a single pointed question about the Convention and Visitors Bureau's million-dollar budget: for example, to pin down why the money couldn't come out of that part of the Hotel Tax (\$1.6 million) already earmarked for Yerba Buena, or why the Bureau couldn't come up with the \$51,000 from its \$860,000 budget, one of the

juiciest supported by San Francisco.

We tried to get the Bureau's budget (General Manager Robert Sullivan kept stalling us and we never did get it), and Supv. Quentin Kopp tried, in vain, to get the budget, didn't get it and so tried to delay the Supervisors' vote until he could get it. But the Supervisors sailed ahead anyway and (Kopp excepted) voted in favor of allocating the \$51,000.

We tried to get the budget from the Chief Administrative Officer, disbursing officer for the Bureau's funds. CAO Assistant Tom Miller could produce only four large figures for four vague, general categories, the kind of simplistic budget drawn up for a Boy Scout troop newsletter costing \$60 a year.

—Why not reduce the Bureau's 40-plus staff? The organization farms out its big jobs to private PR and ad agencies anyway. D'Arcy, for example, handles the media campaigns (\$39,835.03 in June alone) and Art Blum handles the annual crab cooking contest (\$614.67 in June) and is also on regular retainer. Other firms get spot jobs.

—Why not cut the General Manager's lavish income? (He gets \$1,562.50 every two weeks. That's \$40,625 a year or only \$2,336 less than Mayor Alioto makes.)

—Why not move the Bureau out of its plush Fox Plaza quarters (rent: \$4,534.90/mo.)?

—Why not cut expenditures for membership advertising? (Even though 80% of the Bureau's budget comes from tax funds, the organization only plugs member businesses in its literature. And the businesses are those who can afford to do their own advertising.)

—What about some of the other jolly little items: like \$1,000 a month to run 24-hour telephone tapes advertising events about town (again, generally limited to member organizations who can afford to do their own advertising); \$1,200 for 4,000 copies of the pamphlet, "Ten Profitable Reasons Why You Should Join the San Francisco Convention and Visitors Bureau"; \$1,569.08 for "convention badge holders."

On and on it rolls, the gravy train for the Convention and Visitors Bureau, YBC, the Chamber, downtown business, etc. When can the people who live in San Francisco climb aboard?

By Carol Kroot

....Not a Cent For Consumers

To sum up the latest consumer-bet-damned developments at City Hall:

—An ordinance to create a Department of Consumer Affairs comes before the Board of Supervisors Governmental Services and Finance Committees, but the crucial provision to recover civil penalties had already been deleted.

—The joint committee proceeds to vote against the ordinance (Supv. Dorothy von Beroldingen claiming that a vote against the ordinance was not a vote against its spirit and purpose).

—The committee decides to "support" in principle, a \$92,500 supplemental budget request from the DA's office to expand its consumer fraud unit.

The catch: Since there was no actual appropriation request before the committee (the DA's supplemental budget request has never made it past the Mayor's office in six years) the Supervisors merely committed themselves to the "spirit" of the request. We figure it will be a cold day in hell before the DA ever sees that money.

Even if the DA did get the money, of course, it's hard to imagine him as San Francisco's consumer advocate. "The DA's office has the muscle, the know-how and the will to do the job," pontificated Supv. Terry Francois. But he's dead wrong.

The DA's office may have the muscle and the know-how, but as we showed in a March 28 Guardian editorial, it has demonstrated almost no interest in consumer litigation in the past:

"Much of our DA's time and money is spent hounding porno movie operators, marijuana users, homosexuals and the like."

"The result is that San Francisco consumers each year lose lots of money and they have little legal recourse against deceptive land investment come-ons, fraudulent used-car dealers, illegal debt collection practices and similar types of white-collar crime."

Meanwhile, counties like Sacramento and Contra Costa, with aggressive DAs, have solved the money problem handily: they have consumer fraud units that really prosecute consumer fraud cases and bring in enough fines to pay for their own yearly budgets.

So what should we expect from our benevolent Supervisors? Here's their clever plan: Monday, August 7, the joint committee will present a resolution declaring the sense of the Board—asking the Mayor to approve the DA's supplemental budget request for \$92,500 to expand its consumer fraud unit.

The entire Board will probably pass the measure, putting the matter in the Mayor's hands. The Mayor has two options. He can ignore the DA's request, or he can approve it. If he does approve it, the supplemental budget request must be certified by the City Controller before going back to the Board for final approval.

But here's another snag: the Controller must use money from the city emergency fund and therefore must decide this is an emergency. More fun and games are in store.

The Mayor doesn't mind giving city money to rip down homes and lure conventioners to Yerba Buena, but when it comes to local consumers you can bet he'll have some excuse.

By Marcy Kates

Replay

Coming up Aug. 17: the second installment of the "Media and the Law" conference, which started on June 27 but lurches to an inconclusive halt because nobody was invited but the police and the establishment press. When much of the alternative media, including the Guardian, protested the selection process, conference leader Marilyn Baker (KQED) agreed to hold another meeting with everyone represented.

Fine. But it doesn't seem to be turning out that way. The policy for the Aug. 17 meeting: only the media from San Francisco and Alameda Counties can come.

Once again, the doors are closed on the Freedom News (Richmond), the Pacific Sun (Marin), the Stanford radio and newspaper and every newspaper and broadcast station based outside the chosen counties. This is a policy that ignores the fact that journalists from all around the area regularly cover SF events, particularly the more explosive demonstrations, and have to deal with the SF police.

We've got plenty of problems to talk about with the police, especially their questionable right to issue press passes and license reporters, but we urge that these serious matters of public policy and journalistic ethics be thrashed out by the most geographically and professionally representative group possible.

By W.R.

BAY GUARDIAN CALENDAR

AUGUST 3 THROUGH 16

By Vicki Sufian

The Bay Guardian Selective Calendar is a biweekly listing of entertainment, cultural and political events, also obscure doings in the Bay Area. The Calendar is suitable for framing, tacking up on a bulletin board or wrapping fish. Notify Vicki Sufian of demonstrations, openings, benefits, events of redeeming social significance. Deadline for next issue: Aug. 11 and every other Friday thereafter. Best to write in early. Call us if you're late.

*no admission charge



Wolfman takes a break.

Photos: Hank Lebo

Sun. 6

*"FIDDLER ON THE ROOF," a lightweight musical set in 19th century Russian village, centers around a dairyman with five marriageable daughters, you can guess the rest. Stern Grove, 19th/Sloat, 2 p.m.

*CHINESE FOLK AND ROCK MUSIC and bi-lingual poetry, Portsmouth Square, 2 p.m.

"BRINGING UP BABY," a hilarious 1930s Hollywood comedy with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant, the baby is a leopard, KPIX, channel 5, 4 p.m.

MIDDLEJOHN AND CO., down home country and blues, Hank Williamsish croonings juxtapose nicely with guitars a la Garcia. This club has cheap beer and full course dinners, \$2.50, Sleeping Lady Cafe, Bolinas Rd., Fairfax. No cover charge.

"THE MARK OF ZORRO," a 1920s film with Douglas Fairbanks, "The Chastity" film and a

Mon. 7

*"GENESIS OF PLANETARY SYSTEMS," another in the lecture series for the non-scientist, The Palace of Fine Arts Theatre, Marina Blvd./Lyon, 8 p.m.

"EASY LIVING," good 1930s escapist comedy, Cento Cedar Cinema, 38 Cedar Alley, 776-8300, thru Wed.

*IRISH FOLK MUSIC, sea chanteys and Dust Bowl songs make up the lively entertainment of the Ninth Annual Folk Song Festival, SF Jewish Community Center, 3200 California, 8:30 p.m.

"SELF-HELP CLINIC," a technique of gynecological examination, SF Women's Health Center, 3789 24th St., 8 p.m., 282-6999, every Mon.

"JAPANESE-AMERICANS," a very powerful exhibit of photos, paintings and writings produced by Japanese-Americans during their internment, Nihon Machi Gallery, Post/Buchanan, daily, 1-4 p.m., 7-9 p.m.

Tues. 8

"RON DELLUMS: A Test of Coalition Politics," Dellums in and out of California and Washington, KQED, channel 9, 9:30 p.m.

"MICRONESIAN ETHNOGRAPHIC ART," a utilitarian art form—traps, canoes, fishing boxes, fish hooks, Upstairs Gallery, 1457 Grant, Tues., Sun., noon-7 p.m., thru Sept. 15.

"YOGA MEDITATION," talks by Swami Chimmayananda, but if you miss it tonight, don't despair; this series continues every night thru Aug. 22, Lecture Hall 300, Health Sciences West Bldg., UC Medical Center, 3rd/Parnassus, 7:30 p.m., \$1.50.

"BLUE ANGEL," film that made Marlene Dietrich's reputation, Pacific Film Archive, University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 7 and 10:30 p.m., 642-1412, \$1.

NATURAL ACT, a folksy spinoff of Its a Beautiful Day, Bodega, 30 South Central, Campbell, 374-4000.

Wed. 9

"DOSTOEVSKY: ON MAN AND GOD," heavy dramatic reading, Inter-section, 756 Union, 8:30 p.m.

"SINGIN' IN THE RAIN," bright, witty screenplay about the making of movies, Guardian film critic Michael Goodwin considers it the greatest American musical ever made, Gateway Theatre, 215 Jackson, GA 1-3353.

SHAMELESS HUSSY PRESS POETS read from their works, Panjandrum Press, 99 Sanchez, 8 p.m., 504.

THE DUDESHEEP THEATRICAL Symphony: dancers, actors, musicians, artists, writers, it's hard to tell from the press announcement what exactly they do ("we do not just share a stage, but we share our lives") last time they were here the Fault reviewer liked them, the Chronicle's Paine Knickerbocker thought they were a bore, take your pick, Dudesheen North Beach Theatre Annex

Thurs. 10

*ROBERTO VARGAS and other Third World poets read from their own works, Ribelstad Vorden, Folsom/Precita, 4:30 p.m.

FOR KURT VONNEGUT JR. FANS: "Kilgore Trout Fishing in America," Vonnegut talks about his books, life, death, KPFA, 8:30 p.m.

"WOMEN IN REVOLT," a Warhol film to be seen only by his most devoted fans, C.A.L. Films, UC Berk., 155 Dwinelle Hall, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., \$1.25.

Fri. 11

*MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE music performed by the Blasmusik Trio on instruments from the periods: cornetto, alto sacbut, Bohemian inventionshorn, patio, Hertz Hall, UC Berk., 4 p.m.

"AN EVENING WITH GROUCHO MARX," who's still going strong, live, Masonic Auditorium, 1111 California, 8 p.m., 692-2921, \$4.50-\$6.50.

*"THE AMERICAN DREAMER," an SF Mime Troupe spoof, Sproul Plaza, UC Berk., noon.

Sat. 12

SWING TIME FANS: Benny Goodman's back, Concord Summer Festival, Concord Blvd. Park, 7:30 p.m., 682-6770.

TWO BUSTER KEATON FILMS, "Batling Butler" and "The Playhouse" and "The Marx Brothers in 'A Night at the Opera,'" Pacific Film Archive, University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 642-1412, \$1.

NORTH INDIA IN your living room: a tabla solo and a raga for the rainy season, KQED, channel 9, 7:30 p.m.

FOR THE WEEKEND

THE WING, a delightful improvisational theatre group, bring your provocative suggestions, The Playhouse, Zellerbach Hall, UC Berk., 8 p.m., 642-2561, Aug. 11-12, \$2.50.

PETER SPENCER, billed as a travelling minstrel, and Brown Rice, a love songster, drink exotic teas and fresh Fri.

Thurs. 3

*AN IVES PIECE and the world premiere of Darius Milhaud's Music for San Francisco, Niklaus Wyss leads the SF Symphony Orchestra, Lowell High School, 1101 Euclalyptus, 10:45 a.m.

FILMS BY MIKE KUCHAR, remarkable underground films, outrageous, hilarious satires of Hollywood films, Canyon Cinematheque, 800 Chestnut, 8:30 p.m., 332-1514, \$1.50.

WOMEN'S JOB RIGHTS CLINICS, every Thurs., Y.W.C.A., 620 Sutter, 771-1092, 5-7 p.m.

Fri. 4

*CHAPLIN FESTIVAL, there always seems to be one, but this is free. Sunset Libr., Ulloa/38th Ave., 3 p.m.

*ROSSINI, BEETHOVEN AND MOZART numbers, The University Summer Orchestra, Hertz Hall, UC Berk., 8 p.m.

"SHADOW OF A GUNMAN," Sean O'Casey's Irish tragedy, Zellerbach Playhouse, UC Berk., 8 p.m., 642-2561.

ALLMAN BROTHERS, biggest drawing band in the country, Berkeley Community Theatre, Grove/Allston, 6 and 9 p.m., 692-2921, \$3.50-\$5.50.

Sat. 5

*MME. KYOKO HANAYAGI brings you her Japanese classical dancers, Plaza, Japan Center, Post/Buchanan, 1:30 p.m.

RANDY NEWMAN, superlative satirical singer/composer, Palace Theatre, Columbus/Powell, midnight, \$4.

JOHN AND YOKO MARATHON, seven films including "The Ballad of John and Yoko," "Fly" and "Give Peace a Chance," Presidio Theatre, 2340 Chestnut, midnight, 921-2931.

FOR THE WEEKEND

FRED ASTAIRE/GINGER ROGERS team in "Top Hat," and "Swingtime," Surf Theatre, 46th/Irving, 664-6300.

*JAY DION AND LINDA WEBB sing their own songs, a mellow, informal evening, Intersection Coffee Gallery, 756 Union, 9 p.m., Fri.-Sat.

"THE WATERING PLACE," a play in the tradition of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, set in the South, about a family that has tried to isolate itself from the world and then the outsider enters, Company Theatre Production, 2314 Bancroft, Berk., 8 p.m., 893-5345, Fri.-Sat., thru Aug. 19.

SEATRRAIN, GOOD-TIME ROCK, and Alex Richman, Carole King style, Keystone Berkeley, 2119 University, Berk., 841-9903, thru Sun.

*KELL ROBERTSON SERVES up bawdy ballads with wit on wry, good food at low prices, Sleeping Lady Cafe, Bolinas Rd., Fairfax, Sat.

JEHRABEAU FAT, up and coming blues band, Tuckett Inn, 18564 Mission Blvd., Hayward, 276-9778, Thurs.-Sat.

CHARLIE BYRD, jazz guitarist mainstay, El Matador, 492 Broadway, 434-2913, thru Aug. 12.

BOBBY HUTCHERSON TRIO, fine local jazz, vibes virtuoso, Keystone Korner, 750 Vallejo, 781-0697, Thurs.-Sat.

JOHN HAMMOND, fine blues singer, Boarding House, 960 Bush, 441-4333, thru Sun.

EARTH QUAKE, flashy rock, Longbranch, 2504 San Pablo, Berk., 848-9696, Fri.-Sat.

"THE MARK OF ZORRO," a 1920s film with Douglas Fairbanks, "The Adventurer," a Chaplin film and a Betty Boop cartoon, Intersection, 756 Union, 8 and 10 p.m., 397-6061, \$1.
"THE PAINTERS' BAND, a colorful jam session with leading Bay Area painters, and the Solar System Jazz Band, Ribelkad Vorden, Precita/Folsom, 5 p.m.

Sun. 13

HOMERO HERRERA, paintings of the people of the uplands of Peru and Ecuador, and Eugenia Enevoldson, weavings, Millberry Union Gallery, UC Medical Center, 500 Parnassus, daily, noon-6 p.m., thru Aug. 29.
***FRANKIE LAINE,** with a 33-piece jazz orchestra, brings you those oldies but goodies, Stern Grove, 19th/Sloat, 2 p.m.
"MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE," with Fairbanks, "Barbershop," a W.C. Fields gem, and a Betty Boop cartoon, Intersection, 756 Union, 8 and 10 p.m., 397-6061, \$1 donation.
NATURALIST GUIDED TOURS of Lake Chabot aboard the "Chabot Queen," a tour boat, passengers will participate in scientific tests and observation of water clarity, Lake Chabot Marina, noon, reservations required, 524-1034, 60¢, every Sun. in August.
"FESTIVAL OF MUSIC," Chet Atkins, guitar tripping from country and western to classical, Boots Randolph, saxophonist, and Floyd Cramer, pianist, Concord Boulevard Park, Concord, 7:30 p.m., 682-6770, \$4-\$7.50.

BEST BETS

IF YOU'RE A HOUSE PLANT enthusiast the place to go is the Flower Mart, 6th and Brannan, where you can wander through lush rows of flowers and plants—and save money on the wholesale prices. About ten stores, lining a mall that has free parking, offer high-quality plants at low cost.
Despite the name, the real bargains at the Flower Mart are the plants. The flowers, for the most part, are fit for funerals, weddings or Commonwealth Club luncheons: things like mums and carnations, although you can find an occasional delicate bouquet. Decorated sparsely, if at all, the emphasis at the Mart is on the product, not the setting. Most of the salespeople are curt and busy with phone orders rather than the walk-in customer.
But it can be worth the hassle, because many of the prices are the best in town. Each store gets its stock from different nurseries, so shop around—your findings will vary from place to place. At 660

nese-Americans during their internment, Nihon Machi Gallery, Post/Buchanan, daily, 1-4 p.m., 7-9 p.m., 563-1400.
BENEFIT DINNER for Clyde Norris Defense Committee, Connie's West Indian Restaurant, 1909 Fillmore, 563-8775, 6-9 p.m., \$2.50.
***"THE ORIGIN OF LIFE,"** starring lightning, volcanic heat and solar radiation, a lecture by Dr. Melvin Calvin, Palace of Fine Arts, Marina Blvd./Lyon., 8 p.m.
"DOME," a 20-foot, air-supported hemisphere rising to 12 feet above a waterbed floor, every half hour a musical work based on principles of Nada Yoga performed on Moog synthesizer, SF Museum of Art, Vaa Ness/McAllister, 25¢, thru Aug. 27.
"TO BE OR NOT TO BE," starring Jack Benny who for years after talked on his radio shows about how bad he was in it, and "A Man's Castle," captures what it was like to live through the depression years, untentious, straightforward, low-budget film starring Spencer Tracy, Pacific Film Archive, University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 9:30 p.m., 642-1412, \$1.
JEFF BECK, GUITAR WONDER, Berkeley Community Theatre, Grove/Allston, Berk., 8 p.m., 692-2921, \$3.50-\$5.50.
Brannan you can pick up a 6" aphelandra, \$2.50; a Neanthe Bella palm, \$3.75 (both cheaper than Cost Plus); 6" Boston ferns, \$2.50; a Reiger Begonia, \$2.50; or a small flourishing coleus, 35¢.
Across the way at Podestas: a bunch of carnations, \$1.50-\$2.50; or 25 mums, \$5; 6" hanging Boston ferns, \$3.50. Zabatini's has beautiful, large red-veined caladiums, \$1.25.
If you're into dried flowers, Tropical California, Inc. has a huge, unusual selection with equally unusual—but descriptive—names (curley caustiz, bunny tails): lunaria, delicate and long-stemmed with luminescent petals, \$5 per bunch; lotus pops, \$1.50 per half-dozen, 20 yanagi-maki, long-stemmed with curled top, \$3; Italian wheat, \$1.50; and a large bundle of maiden-hair fern (fresh), \$2.50.
Stores open early—4 a.m.—and close early in the afternoon, usually around 2 p.m. on weekdays, 10:30 a.m. on Saturdays.



Flowers from the mart, 25¢ a bunch straight to your South of Market workplace.

NATURAL ACT, a folksy spinoff of Its a Beautiful Day, Bodega, 30 South Central, Campbell, 374-4000.
CONGRESS OF WONDERS, a wonderful satirical group, Longbranch, 2504 San Pablo, Berk., 848-9696.
MAYOR JOSEPH ALIOTO, the politician's politician, will answer your questions (call 864-2000), count how many he hedges on, Bay Area Reports, KQED, channel 9, 7:30 p.m.

Tues. 15

"RELIEFS AND CONSTRUCTIONS," marbles, bones, test tubes, burnt dowels and other unlikely materials form three-dimensional works of art, a Raymond Barnhart show, Berkeley Art Center, 1275 Walnut St., Berk., 849-4120, 11 a.m.-5 p.m., every day except Mon., thru Aug. 31.
"AU HAZARD BALTHAZAR," a Robert Bresson film which many critics regard as one of the 10 best films ever made, Pacific Film Archive, University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 9:30 p.m., 642-1412, \$1.
"KING LEAR," film adaptation of the Shakespearean tragedy, script by Boris Pasternak, music by Shostakovich, C.A.L. Summer Films, UC Berk., 155 Dwinelle, 7:30 and 10 p.m., \$2, repeated tomorrow night.
"THE RED STAR SINGERS," a Bay Area group which uses music as a political tool, KPFA, 9 p.m.
REDEVELOPMENT AGENCY director Robert Rumsey, Bay Area Reports, KQED, channel 9, 7:30 p.m.

Paine Knickerbocker thought they were a bore, take your pick, Dude-sheep North Beach Theatre Annex, 512½ Union, 832-5391, donation, Thurs.-Sun. thru Oct. 1.
HERBIE HANCOCK, top jazz pianist/composer, The Boarding House, 960 Bush, 9 p.m., 441-4333, \$2, thru Aug. 13.

Wed. 16

***"CONDORES DE BOLIVIA,"** lively Bolivian folk music group, SF Civic Center Plaza, noon.
"THE ARTIST AS MESSENGER," Mark Mulleian's Dallesque religious paintings, Leonard Frank Gallery, 629 Sutter.
"RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11," considered one of the best prison films, Pacific Film Archive, University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 9:30 p.m., 642-1412, \$1.
"GERMAINE GREER MEETS THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB," a speech the Female Eunuch author gave to the formerly all-male National Press Club, KPFA, 2 p.m.
ROBERTO VARGAS, a fiery Nicaraguan poet who delivers in a sing song chanting fashion, and Thulani Nkabinde, Panjandrum Press, 99 Sanchez, 8 p.m., 50¢ donation.
"CAGES," a one man show of oil paintings by Robert Henry, Black Man's Art Gallery, 325 Haight, 863-9416, Mon.-Sat., noon-6 p.m.

PETER SPENCER, billed as a travelling minstrel, and Brown Rice, a love songster, drink exotic teas and fresh coffee, munch homemade pastries, Intersection Coffee Gallery, 756 Union, 9 p.m., Fri.-Sat.
A CHANCE TO SEE THE BALLET for less than the cost of a movie, SF Ballet performs four pieces, SF State, 1600 Holloway, 8 p.m., Fri.-Sat., 2:30 p.m., Sun., \$2.
COUNTRY JOE McDONALD, a witty magnetic style, The Lion's Share, 60 Red Hill Ave., San Anselmo, 8 p.m., 454-9856, Thurs.-Sat.

FOR THE FUTURE

A TRIO OF WORKS by Haydn, Bartok and Beethoven performed by the Lenox Quartet (strings), Hertz Hall, UC Berk., 8 p.m., 642-2561, \$2.50, Aug. 18.
"RED DESERT," Antonioni film starring Monica Vitti, visually striking and beautiful, Surf Theatre, 46th/Irving, 664-6300, Aug. 17-19.
"LAWRENCE OF ARABIA," superlative photography of desert, subtle, serious attempt to characterize Lawrence as a highly complicated character rather than just glorifying him, German Olympic games, 1936-38, visually outstanding, strikingly beautiful, many legendary athletes featured, 1-3353, Aug. 23-29.

SUPER-LIST

By Sarah Wenk

Outdoor Cafes

Places with outdoor gardens, patios, decks where you can sip a drink, munch a snack and enjoy the afternoon sun or night air.

THE DELI, 1980 Union, 563-7274, daily, 11 a.m.-12:30 a.m. Tables in front, garden in back.
ENRICO'S, 504 Broadway, 392-6200, daily, 11 a.m.-3 a.m. People watching tables in front.
ACME CAFE, 3917 24th St., 824-3555, daily, 8-9 a.m., 11:30 a.m.-midnight, tables in front.

COFFEE CANTATA, 2030 Union, 931-0770, 11:30 a.m.-1 a.m. Back garden.

PORTOFINO CAFE, Ghirardelli Square, 673-9659, daily, 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Patio overlooking the Bay.

CLOWN ALLEY, 42 Columbus, 2499 Lombard, 421-2540, 931-5890, daily, 24 hrs. Front area.

THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS, Mariniposa/Mississippi, 864-9377, daily, noon-2:30 p.m., 6-10 p.m. Back deck.

THE SUMMER HOUSE, 2032 Union, 922-3934, daily, noon-5 p.m., 6-10:45 p.m. Open roof enclosed area.
TAIT'S AT THE WHARF, Pier 45, 776-3934, daily, 9 a.m.-10 p.m. Deck.

SUTRO HOUSE, 522 Clement, 387-1374, Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-6 p.m., Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

THE SEA WITCH, Ghirardelli Square, 775-7790, daily, 11 a.m.-2 a.m. Front patio.

BILL'S PLACE, 2315 Clement, 221-5262, daily, 11:30 a.m.-9 p.m. Garden in back.

EDELWEISS, Ghirardelli Square, 776-5533, daily, 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Patio.

VIA VENETO, Ghirardelli Square, 673-4088, Mon.-Thurs., noon-midnight, Fri.-Sat., noon-1 a.m., Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m. Patio.

THE WHITE WHALE, Ghirardelli Sq., 673-3223, Mon.-Thurs., 11 a.m.-6 p.m., Fri., 11 a.m.-midnight, Sat., 10:30 a.m.-1 a.m., Sun., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Front patio.

PETA'S EUROPEAN RESTAURANT, 579 Columbus Ave., 982-4999, daily, 11 a.m.-2 a.m. Tables on front sidewalk.

Marin County

THE TRIDENT, 588 Bridgeway, Sausalito, 332-1334, daily except Mon., 11 a.m.-2 a.m. Back deck on Bay.

SAM'S ANCHOR CAFE, Main St., Tiburon, 435-4527, daily 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Sun. closes 10 p.m. Deck overlooking Bay.

ZACK'S BY THE BAY, Bridgeway/Turney, Sausalito, 332-9779, daily, 11 a.m.-2 a.m. Deck on Bay.

THE PALATE, 163 Throckmorton, Mill Valley, 388-9850, daily, 11:30 a.m.-9:30 p.m. Closed Mon. Back deck.

Berkeley

BERNINI'S, 2511 Channing Way, 849-0734, Sun.-Thurs., 11 a.m.-11:30 p.m., Fri.-Sat., noon-12:30 a.m. Patio.

REZA'S GARDEN RESTAURANT, 2426 Telegraph, 848-2737, daily, 7:30 a.m.-midnight, Sat.-Sun., 8:30 a.m.-midnight. Back patio.

END THE MONTH ON A MUSICAL NOTE

at the Cabrillo Music Festival at Aptos the last two weeks ends in August. This year's features: Aug. 19, Kenneth Rexroth reading and translating classic poems by three Chinese poet/philosophers and the Chinese Classical Music Ensemble performing 18th and 19th century Chinese music on ancient Oriental instruments; Aug. 25, the world premiere of Robert Hughes' "Auras," which uses speakers at four corners of the auditorium to create "auras" of sound. During the piece, performers change both their locations and instruments (including the baryton, an 18th century, 16-stringed instrument). Also of note: Aug. 20, a program of early classic jazz with works by Debussy, Satie and Stravinsky.

For a complete program write to: Cabrillo Music Festival, 6500 Soquel Drive, Aptos, 408-688-6466. Single tickets, \$4 and \$6, season tickets: \$30 and \$20. Aug. 18-20; Aug. 25-27. Fri.-Sat., 8:30 p.m., Sun., 6 p.m.



All the Bar-room Poetry in the World Can't Mend this Heart of Mine, Dear

By Kell Robertson

*Don't let the bottle drive you crazy,
Keep your mandolin in the case.
Don't take them pills of red and yellow,
We've still got to save the human race.*
Old Wino Song

This morning we discovered that somebody stole our recyclable beer cans. We had three boxes full (about \$3 worth) and they were already stomped and ready to go. I drank seven cups of coffee, read the paper and sat in my office trying to think. The neighborhood kids started popping firecrackers in front of our place. When they do not have firecrackers they have boards which they pound on with hammers.

So, I decide the time is right for a walk to get some inspiration. Which means I am going to a bar for a beer.

Mission Street is bright and sunny but it's cool and dark in Gatley Springs. Mr. Jones is the bartender. Also the owner. He has been a bartender for 47 years. He is big, Irish and drinks a quart and a half to two quarts of bourbon a day. Except during lent, when he quits completely. He promised his mother on her dying bed that he wouldn't drink during lent. He opens the bar at noon and closes at six p.m. There are 12 barstools and four wooden booths. When more than five barstools are occupied, Mr. Jones considers it a crowd.

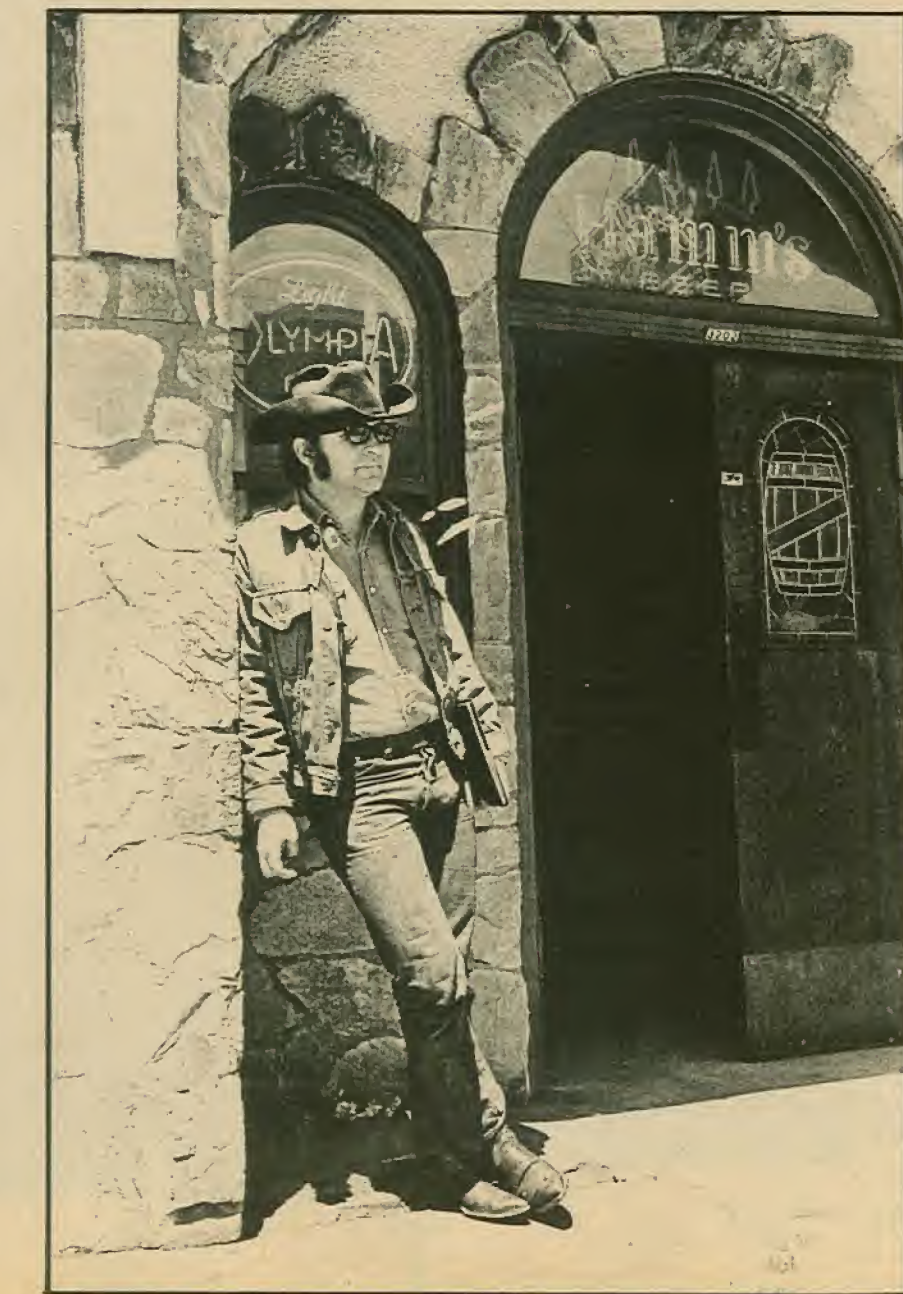
There is a badly painted mural of San Francisco bay on the mirror behind the bar. It was painted 20 years ago by a man who won't come in anymore because he stole 50¢ worth of pennies from Mr. Jones the day he painted it.

On the counter behind the bar, along with the bottles of booze, are decks of cards (Mr. Jones is the cribbage champ of Mission Street), two or three cribbage boards, a photograph of Jones' grandchildren, a sign that says Don't Drink While Driving... You Might Hit A Bump And Spill Some; and an old brown plastic radio which has to be slapped smartly on the side to produce any sounds. It is only used for baseball games.

There is also a TV. Sometimes, when there is a game on television at the same time as a game on radio, Mr. Jones turns them both on at once, with the sound off on the TV of course.

Today there is no ball game. There is only one customer, besides myself. Mac, who comes in every day and has a coke and reads the sporting page of the paper. He is over 70 and used to be, as Mr. Jones says, "a good drinkin' man" but he gave it up for his health. Today they are talking about the good old days when you could get laid for three dollars.

"And for four," Jones adds, "You



Kell Robertson, bard of Bernal Heights and bon vivant boozier, at Gatley Springs.

could get the best in town." "And three," says Mac, "would get you well laid and they threw in a sandwich, a glass of beer and a shot so you wouldn't get no disease."

We have a drink to that and the conversation gets around to old Sam, another regular who died several days ago. Sam was near 80 and had worked for 40 years in the breweries around the bay area. He once saw Herbert Hoover on Mission Street during the depression and people booed and threw rocks.

Sam always gave my daughter a quarter to buy ice cream with. "Yeah," says Mr. Jones, "I went down to the funeral parlor to see him laid out. I didn't want to but the wife said it was the thing to do. Anyway, he was just laying there surrounded by flowers and you know somethin'?" "What?"

"He didn't say a single word. Around here you couldn't get him to shut up. But he was as quiet as a mouse." A single tear rolls down Mr. Jones' cheek.

He pours us both a shot and we drink to Sam.

While Jones works, two guys wander in. They are not regulars. Both are balding, fortyish, and dressed in dark blue suits. They sit at the end of the bar. Jones puts his pencil down, studies them a moment through his glasses, takes off his glasses and puts them in his shirt pocket, gathers up his book work and places it under an ashtray, and then addresses them.

"Yes sir. What'll it be."

"Two double martinis and easy on the vermouth." The guy's voice sounds like a TV commercial for life insurance.

"This," says Mr. Jones, "is the Mission District. I don't have any gin. What I have is Whiskey, Vodka, Brandy, Rye, Irish, Scotch or beer."

The guys sigh, look exasperated and say, "Two Coors then."

"I do not have Coors sir. Hamms, Bud, Oly or Millers."

They wind up ordering two coke highballs. Mr. Jones looks at me and winks as he mixes them. Like most hard drinkers, he doesn't think much of people who mix good whiskey with anything but a very little bit of water.

One of the guys is up and looking at the juke box. It is, as usual, unplugged. Only when somebody asks does Jones plug it in; then he has to turn down his hearing aid. I get up and plug it in for the man. It flickers, sputters and begins to hum.

The guy is frowning over the selections. The most modern piece on there is something called "Dammit Isn't God's Last Name" by Frankie Laine. The rest of it is Irish songs and a couple of old dixieland things. Pretty good music actually. Well, this guy has committed himself for a quarter and is looking hard for something to play. Finally, he pushes a bunch of buttons at random and joins his buddy. They sip their coke highs and mutter as the juke box squawks If You're Irish, Come Into The Parlour.

It is obvious that they don't like it in here. The floor is uncarpeted. The stools uncomfortable. There are no women, no bowling machines, no pool tables, no tilted martini glasses on the walls and nothing to make them feel like two sophisticated gentlemen having a quiet cocktail before lunch. They drink up rapidly and leave.

I get up and go into the john. Out of the back window you can see kids playing in the back yard. For a long time there was only one piece of graffiti on the wall. It said, in big, bold marking pencil letters, "I like this bar and Mexico." Younger customers, however, came in and started filling it with the usual stuff. "Power to Angela," "Up your ass," "You've got your hand on your best friend" etc. etc. There is even one "I suck young stuff" written in weak ballpoint blue. Strange because around Gatley Springs there's never any stuff young enough to excite the connoisseur. I got roaring drunk one night and put a quote from one of Shelley's sonnets on the wall.

"Lift not the painted veil which those who live call life though unreal shapes be pictured there and it doth mimic all we would believe."

My alcohol fogged mind couldn't remember any more. But it doesn't fit Gateley Springs and I've tried to wipe it off many times. These new marking pencils write pretty permanent though, and it won't come off.

Back at the bar, I order another drink. "And have one yourself Mr. Jones."

"If I had a thousand thoughts of refusing I couldn't do it just now," he says. He always says that. He pours us a couple of good shots.

"Luck," he says, and throws his down.

"Luck," I echo, and do the same.

"This one is on me," he says, pouring us two more.

"Luck," I say, tossing it down.

"Luck," he repeats.

*"You can take your durned old marywanna
And them pills that make you see so far.
You can shoot your life up in a crystal
But just give me enough to spend an
afternoon of drinkin in a bar."*

Old Wino Song □

Where to Drink in the Afternoon



Robertson at work in Gatley Springs.

I like to drink in the afternoon. At night it's a whole new trip. In the afternoon there aren't 40 guys fighting over one woman. People who are out drinking at night are there for different reasons.

Anyway, here are ten bars that I like best for afternoon drinking. If you have a favorite or two, write and tell me. Us old drunks gotta stick together. GATLEY SPRINGS, 3202 Mission. 60¢ for bar whiskey, 50¢ for bottled beer. (See story.)

THE CHEROKEE, 453 Cortland Ave. Great on weekday afternoons, but a little too rough at night and on weekends. Highballs 65¢, 35¢ draft beer.

RITE SPOT, 2099 Folsom. A real workingman's bar with two pool tables. A

good no-nonsense place to drink with bartenders who understand when you are thirsty. Highballs, 60¢.

COFFEE GALLERY, 1353 Grant Ave. Really fine in the afternoon—old North Beach beatnik feeling. Chess sets if you are so inclined. Beer/Wine only. Giant pitchers of light or dark beer for a buck seventy five, bottled beer still only 50¢, and a wide variety of imported beers and wines for a little more.

JERRY'S INN, 600 3rd St. Insane customers—commuters and Rolling Stone writers. Good lunches, 50¢ bottle beer, 40¢ for a big draft, and 70¢ for the bar whiskey, Old Crow.

THE SKYSCRAPER, 3336 24th St. A sign behind the bar says "If you get to thinking you're indispensable, take a walk in the graveyard. Those guys thought they were pretty hot stuff too—once." 65¢ highballs (big ones), draft beer 35¢. BIT OF PARADISE, 69 1st St. Avoid the lunch hour if you don't like crowds. Fine, if cranky, service. Big generous drinks: a 55¢ martini, 50¢ Bloody Mary, and a shot of whiskey or scotch for a half a buck.

CAVANAUGH'S, 3309 Mission. A bar that's about a hundred yards long. It's in an old building, used to be a blacksmith shop. Drink prices same as Gatley Springs. San Francisco in the 1900's atmosphere.

1232 CLUB, Grant Ave. Address is the name. A fine juke box—Charlie Parker, Mario Lanza, even Al Jolson. A hangout for old North Beach characters. Costs 70¢ for highballs, a little high but the bar pours generously and nobody pushes you for drinks.

SPECS, 12 Adler Place. A museum. Most of the stuff that was in Sutro Baths wound up here. Ask the bartender what an oosis is. Bartenders all well trained in the art of bullshitting. Plenty of space, things to read, games to play; too bad it doesn't open until 4 p.m. Draft beer 40¢, mixed drinks 70¢. But, again, you get a good drink. □

by K.R.

Films



Steve McQueen & unidentified bull.

"Jr. Bonner" Takes on Rodeo Bulls but Steve McQueen Can't Find the Frontier

By Michael Goodwin

Rating guide:

- ★ Beneath Contempt
- ★★ Contemptible
- ★★★ Good Rainy Night Flick
- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★★★ Critics' Choice/Deathless Art

★★★★ **Jr. Bonner**, dir. Sam Peckinpah, Warfield Theatre, Coliseum Theatre.

Forget "Straw Dogs," if you haven't already—"Jr. Bonner" is a great movie!

Sam Peckinpah is such a fine filmmaker that even at his worst (i.e., "Straw Dogs") he has never succeeded in alienating me completely. I must admit that I approached "Jr. Bonner" with a certain amount of trepidation, fearing yet another two hours of wall-to-wall violence.

Happily, that isn't the scene at all. Instead, "Jr. Bonner" is a film that harks back to Peckinpah's earliest (and best) films. It's rowdy, fast-moving, technically masterful and deeply moving. In short, it's a complete success, and I loved it.

One of the most impressive things about Peckinpah is that his films are

able to carry terrific thematic weight with utter ease. On the surface, "Jr. Bonner" is just another rodeo movie—an action-packed, comedy/adventure film in which Steve McQueen (as Jr., a slightly-past-it rodeo star) takes on the Brahma bull that threw him the week before, wins the rodeo, reestablishes his reputation, and rides off down the road toward more of the same.

Yet just beneath the surface, Peckinpah is working on further explication of his old theme—the one he staked out in "Ride the High Country"—the question of what's a man to do now that the frontier is gone and America has turned into a high-rise parking lot?

That Peckinpah can raise this question with all the complexity he does—and never impede the dramatic momentum of the plot—is a sign of a solid filmmaking talent at work. He gets a lot of help from his actors, but the subtlety with which he makes us see Jr. as a hero and a fool at the same time is pure directorial skill. As Peckinpah sees him, Jr. is a modern Don Quixote. We love him for his courage, but are never allowed to lose sight of the fact that he is an anachronism.

The acting in "Jr. Bonner" is excellent. McQueen turns in his best performance since "The Great Escape," and it's wonderful to have him back at full power. Robert Preston plays Ace Bonner, Jr.'s old man, and if he doesn't get a nomination for the best supporting actor of 1972 the fix is in. His funky, hard drinking cowboy would have taken over a weaker film, but Peckinpah keeps the performance integrated so well that Preston merely lifts everyone else up to his own energy level.

Ida Lupino puts in her first screen appearance in years, and she's a stand-out. Her Mrs. Ace rings bitterly true—a hard woman made harder by the inexorable passing of years during which things never get better, but just get worse. Ben Johnson is excellent, too, in a small role as a rodeo entrepreneur.

One of the ways Peckinpah works is to make every second count, and every image register. In an early scene, McQueen pulls his car into a gas station, gets out, checks the oil, and tells the attendant, "It's two quarts low. You better make that 40 weight." In a very short scene, and two lines of dialogue, Peckinpah has told us a lot. He's told us that McQueen isn't afraid of getting his hands greasy, that he drives hard, and that he's probably broke or he wouldn't be driving a car that needs 40 weight oil in the middle of the

desert. The rest of the film is just as dense, and just as graceful.

Lucien Ballard, Peckinpah's regular cameraman, has captured the sights of the rodeo setting with rare perception. From the tacky rodeo parade to the crowded bars and livestock stalls, we feel the real world pushing through the screenplay. As fictionalized documentary, "Jr. Bonner" is good enough to carry its own weight, but Peckinpah has given us much more.

This is one good movie.

★★★ **Duck You Sucker**, dir. Serge Leone, Empire Cinema, New Royal Theatre, Spruce 1.

Serge Leone's latest film (he also made "A Fistful of Dollars" and "Once Upon A Time in the West") is just like all his other movies: predictable, boring, much too long and thoroughly self-indulgent.

I rather enjoyed it.

It's another Mexican Revolution movie. Rod Steiger plays Juan, a Mexican lumpen whose rudimentary political consciousness leads him to steal from the rich, but no further. James Coburn plays Sean, an exiled IRA demolition expert who no longer believes in "anything but dynamite." Together, Juan and Sean set out to take the bank in Mesa Verde. Juan ends up a reluctant hero of the Revolution, and no richer than he began. Sean ends up dead.

That's about all there is to the plot, folks, but it's enough. Leone doesn't need much of a plot—all he needs is an

excuse; the story, such as it is, provides plenty of opportunities for glorious explosions, complex battle scenes, cruelly comedic episodes and slow-motion flashbacks to the Irish Easter Rebellion. It's all sort of confusing and fashionably existential, but Leone seems to glory in outrageously baroque structures.

For some reason, Leone can get away with stuff that would sink any other filmmaker. He paints with broad strokes (the Fauvist of contemporary cinema?), and even when a brushstroke goes out of control, it goes out of control with such fierce energy that it works anyway.

In a sense, this seemingly random energy is one of the things I like most about Leone; just when you think you've figured out what he's doing, he does something else—and does it with flair, style and obvious self-enjoyment.

There's something about Leone's recent work that reminds me of Fellini. It's not just that Leone's films are outrageous—which they are—but that he keeps his films under such remarkable control. Nothing in a Leone film happens by accident; the man is a maniac for detail. Flies. There are always flies in Leone's movies—something you hardly ever see in any westerns. And when Sean comes riding out of the hills on a motorcycle, it's a vintage Henderson Ace, by God.

Leone's control also manifests it-

Continued next page

Hits on the Silver Screen

AUG. 3-5: "Top Hat" and "Swingtime" at the Surf Theatre. Irving/46th Ave., SF. Two of the best Astaire/Rogers musicals double-billed. Oh, go ahead—you'll have a great time and you know it.

AUG. 8-9: "Performance" (Cammell/Roeg) and "Trash" (Morrissey) at the Surf. "Performance," starring Mick Jagger in the part he was born to play, just keeps getting better as the years pass. As for "Trash," Rolling Stone called it "a masterpiece—brilliant, funny and moving." Some guy named Goodwin...

AUG. 9: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (Don Seigel) at the Pacific Film Archive, 2621 Durant Ave., Berk., at 9:30. One of the most terrifying s-f films ever made, "Body Snatchers" was so scary the studio made Seigel tack on a fake happy ending. Tom Luddy says if it's technically possible, the PFA is going to remove the fake ending and show the film as Seigel originally wanted it shown. It is conceivable, of course, that the Archive is screwing around with things that man wasn't meant to tamper with. I plan to be there and find out.

AUG. 13-14: "Red River" (Hawks) and "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (Huston) at the Surf Theater. I'm written out on "Red River." As for "Treasure," who can ever forget the great moment when Walter Huston says, "I never saw a man so tired he couldn't eat a few beans..."

AUG. 16: "Riot In Cell Block 11" (Seigel) at the Pacific Film Archive, 9:30. We haven't seen this rarely-shown Don Seigel picture, but it's got enough of a rep that we don't plan to miss it. Peter Bogdanovich says it's "the best prison picture to come out of the U.S."

By M.G.

The Clancy Brothers and Louis Killen

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"THE PRINCESS
COMES ACROSS" (1936)

August 5, 6
Carole Lombard & George Raft
"BOLERO" (1934)
MARLENE DIETRICH
in Frank Borzage's
"DESIRE" (1936)

August 7-9
Mitchell Leisen's
"EASY LIVING" (1937)
CHARLES LAUGHTON
in Leo McCarey's
"RUGGLES OF RED
GAP" (1935)

August 10-16
THE MARX BROTHERS
"MONKEY BUSINESS"
(1931)
W.C. FIELDS
"SIX OF A KIND" (1934)

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Tues.-Wed. August 15-16
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self in a series of highly purposeful filmic quotes. Obviously, he knows his way around other people's movies. "Fistful of Dollars," his first film, was a close re-make of "Yojimbo." In "Sucker," when he wishes to present a group of exploitive upper-class types, he uses a series of monstrous close-ups of mouths and eyes—a clear homage to Eisenstein. The character of Juan owes a lot to Beery's low comedy characterization of Villa in Howard Hawks' "Viva Villa."

If the film references are fun in themselves, they also suggest that Leone is a highly conscious artist. But . . . what, exactly, is he doing? It's easy to note running themes, but making them fit together into a meaningful whole is another matter entirely.

Frankly, I don't know. Leone remains an essentially elusive filmmaker for me—and perhaps this is his charm. Still, I find his films enjoyable puzzles, and if "Duck You Sucker" is something of an enigma, it is still a fascinating enigma.

★★ Ten Days' Wonder, dir. Claude Chabrol, Larkin Theatre.

For those of us who were so excited by Chabrol's "Le Boucher" and "This Man Must Die," his latest film, "Ten Days' Wonder," comes as a bitter disappointment.

Starring Orson Welles and Anthony Perkins and based on a novel by Ellery Queen, the film would seem to have the earmarks of a potential masterpiece—but in fact it's silly, sloppy, poorly staged and quite unconvincing. Welles lays down a terrible, flabby performance; Perkins isn't much better and Chabrol's famous fluid camera work registers as little more than pointless self-indulgence. The film gives the impression of having been hastily thrown together; it's essentially graceless and lacks structure.

Rumor has it that Welles co-directed (or perhaps took over completely), and if this holds any fascination for you, go ahead. Personally, I find it hard to believe that anyone directed this mess. Chabrol is entitled to blow it once in a while, and I'll still go see his next film, but as for "Ten Days' Wonder"—save your time and your money.

Food



Where to Find Nilgris, Dragon Well and Comfrey — A Guide for Tea Drinkers

By Judy Mazia

Generations of Americans reared on the likes of Liptons and Nestea know hardly anything about the source of it all—*Camelia sinensis*, close relative of the backyard camellia bush, and the plant that produces tea leaves.

Although teas come in an enormous variety, they all are cultivated in essentially the same way; the differences lie in the manufacturing process. Black tea, for example, is fermented on wooden racks in damp sheds—an oxidation process resulting in darker leaves and a reddish-colored brew. Green tea, on the other hand, is not fermented or aged, but dried (or "fired") immediately after the leaf harvest. Oolong, or semi-black, lies somewhere between the two, and is only partially fermented.

The world tea trade is now about 98% in black teas, but 100 years ago the big sellers were the green teas. The explanation lies in the changing patterns of British imperialism in the Far East: India and Ceylon, black tea producers, took over the China trade, and the greens were pushed to the background.

Tea drinking has never made it big in America—the Boston Tea Party and the colonial revolt against the Crown were an inauspicious beginning from which tea never recovered. In the genteel 19th century, however, San Franciscans called their evening meal "tea"—

until "dinner" (with coffee) came into style.

Local tea connoisseurs are in luck. A wide selection of tea merchants and Chinese (at least Formosan) and Japanese green teas are as readily available in San Francisco as the ordinary, garden-variety black teas.

San Francisco

CAPRICORN COFFEES, 1555 Fillmore St., SF (931-9296)

Though better known for his coffees, Jim Hardcastle imports and sells some 15 teas and 11 blends. Ask to see the price list, since only a few teas are displayed. Capricorn is the only Bay Area tea shop distinguishing grades of tea: three grades of Darjeeling (the only Indian black tea which is drunk unblended), two grades of Ceylon and two grades of Jasmine. Unusual blends are Tangiers, Moroccan and Spanish Garden. Most amazing of all, wholesale and retail prices per quarter pound are identical. QUONG FAT CO., 1142 Grant St., SF (982-0514)

This Chinatown grocery is an excellent source of Chinese teas in bulk, packaged in four and eight ounce bags and at prices far below the coffee-tea-and-spice shops. The selection, however, is limited: Pouchong (Iron Buddha), Keemun (Black), Jasmine, Dragon Well and Oolong.

UOKI SAKAI CO., 1656 Post St., SF (921-0515)

A huge selection of Japanese green teas, including the prized Uji region teas, are all sold pre-packaged. Japanese herb teas are available as well: Genmai (tea and roasted rice), Mugi-cha (roasted barley), Hoji-cha (roasted green tea), per-simmon leaves and Yaki-nori (toasted dried seaweed).

CHATEAU GOURMET, 255 Winston Dr. (Stonestown), SF (564-6160)

German imported herb teas, Fixmille and Muller brands, available in tea bags, including fennel, senna, sage, jasmine, verveine, linden flower, hibiscus flower and camomile. These are the famous European specialties, reputed to have great medicinal benefits.

WING SING CHONG CO., 1076 Stockton St., SF (982-4171)

Imported Chinese teas come packaged and very reasonably priced, but first you'd better familiarize yourself with the Chinese names: Pouchong Gum Tam

(Iron Buddha), Gon Jim (Dragon Well)—both Chinese green teas—and the semi-fermented Shui Shin (Oolong).

East Bay

A-1 FISH MARKET, 517 8th St., Oakland (832-0731)

Japanese green tea comes under the store's label in six-ounce bags, less than half the price, by our calculations, of the pre-packaged equivalent.

THE FOOD MILL, 3033 MacArthur Blvd., Oakland (261-3848)

The range of herb teas carried in natural food stores is enormous. Most come pre-packaged, and the bulk herb teas probably come from the same suppliers. Since the Food Mill wholesales to many of the local organic stores it's a likely place to start exploring herb teas: alfalfa, papaya, fenugreek, sassafras, blueberry, rosehips, comfrey and sarsaparilla, to name but a few!

KWONG ON THEONG, 720 Webster St., Oakland (452-0690)

Bulk Asian teas sold from the original tea chests include Chinese black (or red leaf), green and Jasmine.

North

WESTERLEY TEA AND SPICE HOUSE, 46 Main St., Tiburon (435-4233)

A recently established Marin enterprise, Westerley tops the list of tea retailers in the Bay Area. Mr. Lee, Chinese tea-taster and blender, does his own importing as well. A good selection of green teas (Dragon Well, Gunpowder, Jasmine, Pouchong and Young Hyson) is available, considering the popular preference for black teas. Worth a special trip.

GREAT SAN RAFAEL COFFEE AND TEA STORE, 936 B St., San Rafael (453-5567)

This shop is proud to say that most of its teas come from Westerley's. Several lines of imported packaged teas (Twinings and Lyons) have been added, apparently because bulk sales were lagging and the customers feel more comfortable with the commercial name brands. Some herb teas are sold as well: spearmint, peppermint, mu, sassafras and camomile.

HARDISTY'S, 444-4th St., Santa Rosa (545-0534)

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way back, Hardisty's carries imported teas in tins as well as bulk—hopefully not the trend. Bulk teas include Spider Leg (basket-fired Japanese green tea), Orange Pekoe (the highest grade of Ceylon black tea, made from the first and second leaves of the tea shoot) and Broken Orange Pekoe.

South

PEET'S COFFEE TEA & SPICES, 899 Santz Cruz Ave., Menlo Park (325-8989) and 2124 Vine St., Berkeley (841-0564)

Large assortment of bulk teas from India, Taiwan and Mainland China. Other tea taster palate ticklers include many spice teas and Scottish, Irish and English breakfast blends.

McMILLAN COFFEE CO., 419 University Ave., Palo Alto (323-4288)

The specialties here are the old American favorites, black teas and blends, with only a limited selection of green teas. This is the only Bay Area coffee-tea-and-spice shop that makes its own tea bags: Royal T Blend, a house blend of black teas.

ERIC'S, 1163 San Carlos Ave., San Carlos (854-5501)

This gourmet shop packages Darjeeling and Nilgris Black under its own label and is worth mentioning only because of the limited number of tea merchants on the Peninsula.

COFFEE BEANS AND TEA LEAVES, Court of the Golden Bough, Ocean St., Carmel (624-4504)

This shop retails 23 teas and blends, including Japanese green teas, both basket-fired (with a short, curled leaf) and pan-fired (steamed and rolled in iron pans over charcoal fires). This charming shop has a big mail order trade in its unique blends. □

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Theatre

Sally Ann Howes & Lee Crawford

in "The Sound of Music"



"The Sound of Music" — The Sentiment this Time is Less Saccharine

By Rolfe Peterson

"The Sound of Music," *Civic Light Opera, Curran Theatre, 8:30 (no show Sundays), through Aug. 19.*

You could have knocked me over with a sugar-tit. There I was, watching "The Sound of Music," and enjoying it! I think the man to thank is Joseph Hardy, who directed this new Civic Light Opera production. He has cut 20 minutes from the show and eliminated most of the stickiness. It's still an awfully sweet show, but it comes out more sentiment than sentimentality this time.

In the Robert Wise movie, Christopher Plummer made Papa Trapp an earnest, insufferable psychotic, and the young lovers conducted one of the most amateurish and nauseating song-and-dance romances in the history of show biz.

But in the production now at the Curran, Bob Wright as Trapp is a likable human being, and the romance conducted by his eldest girl, beautifully played by Lee Crawford, and her young lover is downright pleasant. Sally Ann Howes does a perfect Julie Andrews,

and the comic relief roles as played by Werner Klemperer and Patricia Morrison frequently verge, in fact, on the comic. Hardy must have directed with a magic wand.

"The Sound of Music" is still basically a mediocre show, sentimental fluff that I don't believe for a minute. Even the score, by Rodgers and Hammerstein standards, is poor. But hearing it again reminds me how far superior to the newer words-and-music men these two old pros were. This show is short on the laughs a musical ought to give us, but it gives us at least a smile, and along with it several songs that can be remembered with pleasure—more than modern musicals offer.

"Godspell," *ACT, Geary Theatre, 8:30 (Sunday 7:30), through Aug. 20.*

Before "Godspell" I would have blamed this paucity of pleasure in modern musicals on the Youth Movement. There were formless messes of high school humor and incomprehensible songs drowned in amplified accom-

paniment, like "Hair." And pious pageants with pretty good songs but nothing else, like "Jesus Christ Superstar." And sophomoric twaddle about alienated youth, like "Walking in My Time."

I just didn't like youth musicals, and the thought of another smart-ass exercise in theatrical Christianity was depressing to contemplate.

But "Godspell" turned me right around. John-Michael Tebelak conceived and directed it in New York as the parables and teachings of Jesus, re-enacted by ten clownish youths who seem to be kidding the whole thing as a song-and-dance burlesque, but who actually personify the Word with perfect reverence and fidelity.

The Gospel of St. Matthew as entertainment might sound preposterous, and I saw at least two people walk out on it, but it struck me as the best musical comedy in years.

Nina Faso, an assistant to Tebelak in New York, has directed the production now at the Geary, and she has drawn from a cast largely local and fairly inexperienced, ten excellent performances, all of them versatile and thoroughly professional.

Stacker Thompson brings off a tour de force as Jesus, striking alternating tones of frivolity and seriousness with a sure hand, and I took a special liking to Patti Mariano and Lois Foraker. But all are fine, including Laurie Faso, Craig Shaefer, Jon Buffington, Kitty Rea, Angela Ruth Elliott, Tom Roling and Cle Thompson.

The songs are the work of Stephan Schwartz.

I am neither young nor reverent, but "Godspell" made me laugh and almost cry, and I think you'd be making a terrible mistake to miss it. □

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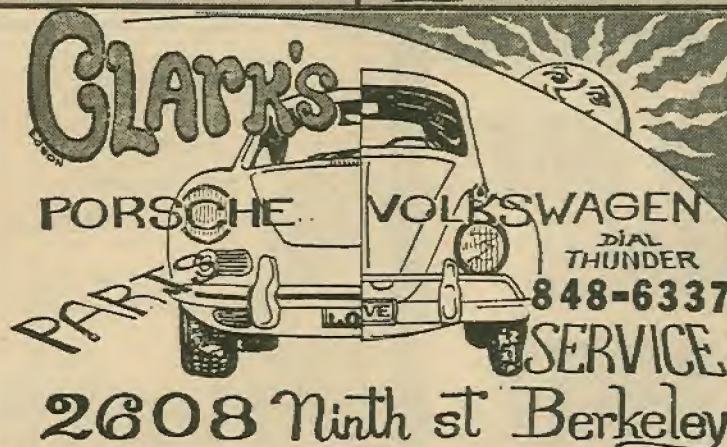
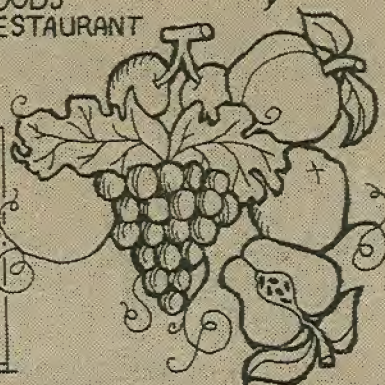
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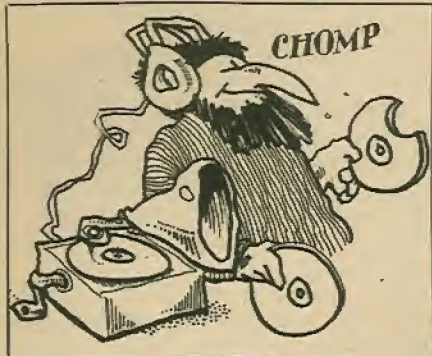
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Music Tested Pressings



By Alec Dubro

Folk It. The folksingers of the early '60s are coming out of the woodwork again, after a long banishment by the cultural tide of rock. And some of them are finding an increased acceptance of city-folk, an acceptance that began with the rise of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, James Taylor and Joni Mitchell.

The fact that their time has once again rolled around doesn't mean that these old stalwarts are producing top-notch work; some clearly have declined in talent. Those that are still good, though, are very good.

"Blue River," Eric Andersen, Columbia KC 31062

"Blue River" is, simply, the finest soft rock/folk album I have heard since "Sweet Baby James." And, like James Taylor, it can reach a wide audience because of its theme, sound and the general perfection of the music.

Eric Andersen has been around for quite a while. He's from New York state, and started in the early-sixties folk scene with Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Dave Van Ronk, etc. Andersen had some success with a couple of albums featuring his near-classic folksongs—"Thirsty Boots" and "The Violets of

Dawn"—and he traveled a fairly steady performing circuit.

His work and life declined after a few years of this, and he produced some very mediocre albums. Now he seems to have made a new start, musically anyway.

Eric Andersen has a low, easy and evocative baritone, plus an extraordinary talent as a song-writer. All the songs on "Blue River" are self-penned with one exception, a cut called "More Often Than Not," which fits right in with the others.

What makes "Blue River" more than just a collection of good songs is its wholeness as a work, the unity of its mood. None of the songs are really up-tempo; some are downright depressing, some are simply contemplative. Andersen, among others, wrote a song to the late Janis Joplin, "Pearl's Good-time Blues," a song that captures both the public image of Janis as a brassy good-time woman who could make anyone feel good, and the pain that caught her.

He writes about women he's loved and looked at in "Florentine" and "Sheila." In "Faithful," a song about his road trips written to his wife at home, he attempts, unsuccessfully, to come to grips with his other women on the road—"Though I Have Not Always Been Faithful/I Always Have Been True."

It's a subtle album, though by no means obscure or difficult to listen to. The songs can just be heard, as background music, or listened to, as beautifully crafted and arranged pieces, and the whole can be thought about, as an expression of depth and sensitivity. "Blue River" is a full and mature work.

"David Bromberg," David Bromberg, Columbia C 31104

From the sublime to the ridiculous. David Bromberg was in town recently and packed in folks who like to hear fast and tasty fingerpicking and who have a high tolerance for nearly-funny songs sung in an irritating and self-parodying squawk. Unfortunately, this album features mostly the latter.

Bromberg is a fretted instrument whiz who's backed up everyone on the folk scene worth recording, including Bob Dylan, to whom this album is dedicated. He is also a fine judge of folksongs. And when he plays something like "Arkansas Traveler," the only instrumental (alas), it is joyous.

But when he starts handing out elaborate talking blues songs that have neither good stories nor good music, my enthusiasm quickly vanishes.

It wouldn't be fair to order you not to listen, but approach cautiously, unless you're already a Bromberg fan, in which case I can do nothing for you.

"Faro Annie," John Renbourn, Reprise 2082

John Renbourn is an English folk traditionalist who has gone beyond the bounds of his style. He's played with the Pentangle, and done a lot of duos with Bert Jansch. He has a good folk voice, an amazing ability on the guitar and a wide knowledge of both English and American folk songs. "Faro Annie" has mostly American songs, and they are just fine—"White House Blues," "The Cuckoo," "Come In My Kitchen" and "Shake Shake Mama" are the best.

There are exceptions, such as his sitar on "Buffalo Skinners," but most of the songs would even please purists, if any of those still exist. Renbourn does an R&B song, "Shake Shake Mama," acoustically as it was originally done—and it's interesting to see how far we've moved from that to high-wattage, high-decibel noise. Renbourn's is, at this point, a preferable treatment.

Worth hearing, by all means.

"Peace Will Come," Tom Paxton, Reprise 2096

There's a saying in the record biz that the third album really makes it for an artist. Well, here's Tom Paxton's tenth album, and he's gonna have to keep shooting for stardom. Paxton is a man of unquestionable musical integrity; he does as he wants, and the winds of change be hanged.

It's just that no one seems to appre-

ciate that fact. "Peace Will Come" sounds better, overall, than most of his previous stuff, but the songs are still innately forgettable.

Trouble is, Paxton's topical songs are supposed to have a mordant wit, but usually come off impossibly didactic and less funny than Bromberg. His other songs are throwaways.

"Sweet Potatoes," Geoff & Maria Muldaur, Reprise 2073

Geoff Muldaur was a solo Boston folksinger, with a voice like Sleepy John Estes, who became a member of Jim Kweskin's jug band. Maria D'Amato was a fiddle player and vocalist with the Kweskin band. They left in time and got married.

This is their second album as a team, and it's a beauty. They've put together a fine set of musicians, dug up and wrote some good songs and have never sounded better.

Thematically, the record is from 15 to 35 years back, but certain little touches are giveaways, like a pedal steel on a forties-type blues number. They do four songs written by Geoff, and they're all good—"Sweet Potatoes" and "Kneenin' Me" in particular. Then they do an obscure Chuck Berry song, "Havana Moon" (pre-revolutionary), a Nehemiah Jones cut, "Hard Time Killin' Floor" and even "Lazybones" by Hoagy Carmichael.

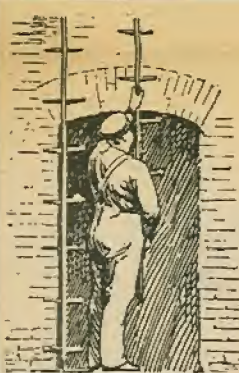
Maria has several voices, a Peggy Lee voice and a Billie Holiday voice, and a fine sense of timing, and Geoff's singing has improved immeasurably since his days at the Club 47 in Cambridge.

This record is recommended for all, Christian and heathen alike, for the purposes of real (not packaged) nostalgia and enjoyment.

Also Worth Listening To:
"Simon and Garfunkle's Greatest Hits," Columbia KC 31350

"Never A Dull Moment," Rod Stewart, Mercury SRM 1 646

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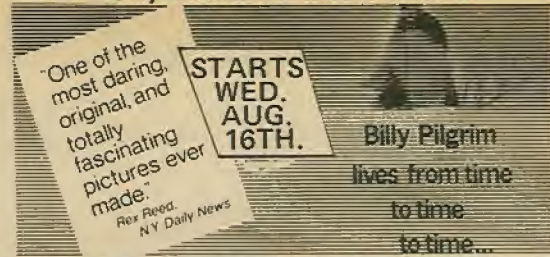
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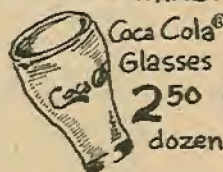
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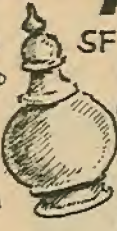
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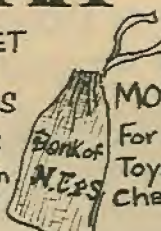
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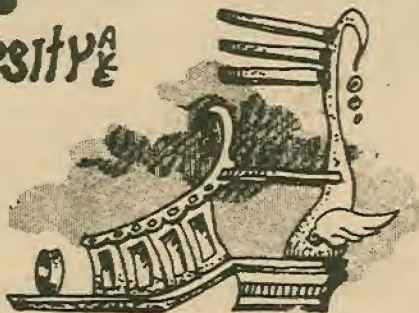
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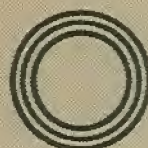
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From the City Lights Poets Theatre "A Painfully Funny Dose of the Theatrical Absurd"



By Irene Oppenheim

"The Bald Soprano," by Eugene Ionesco, City Lights Poets Theatre, The Village, now closed.

Mrs. Smith: I'm waiting for the aqueduct to come and see me at my windmill.

Mr. Martin: One can prove that social progress is definitely better with sugar.

Mr. Smith: To hell with polishing!

Anyone who still thinks life makes sense should steer clear of Ionesco. For the rest of us, the three short plays recently produced by the City Lights Poets Theatre proved once

again that rationality closely scrutinized looks very much like a pompous figment of the imagination. "The Bald Soprano," "Maid to Marry" and "Motor Show" were a painfully funny dose of the theatrical absurd.

Director Josef Kragotz wisely let the language dominate throughout the three plays. In "The Bald Soprano" in particular, the absurdity of the dialogue was kept in fine counterpoint to the plastic realism of the characterizations.

The only exceptions were Kragotz himself, who played the fire chief, and Stephanie Miller as the maid. Kragotz's portrayal worked, but it

seemed out of place, as if he were a cartoon figure appearing suddenly in the middle of a realistic film.

Miller, meanwhile, was a bit too hysterical, and her attempts at a French accent were amateurish and unnecessary. The rest of the cast, Kathryn Newman and Frank Richardson as Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Lewis Campbell and Stefani Priest as Mr. and Mrs. Martin, were perfect—could those faces be for real?

Of the shorter works, a very funny "Maid to Marry" was ably done by Richardson and Newman. "Motor Show" was energetic, but it's not Ionesco at his best.

Kragotz, founder of Project Artaud, has been involved for the past year in the City Lights Poets Theatre, until now an amorphous group of poets and players. In the past, it has sponsored such events as the Yevtushenko reading, the Kenneth Patchen Memorial and a play, "Revolt of the Good People." Hopefully, on the strength of this production, it will be able to keep the current company together and do some works in repertory.

"Changes," 20th Century Folk Opera Ballet, Margot Jones Dance Co., Wabe Theatre, Lone Mountain College, 8 p.m., through Aug. 6, \$2.75.

Margot Jones just has to be one of the best all-around singer-dancers in the area, or maybe anywhere else. Whatever it takes, she's got it. But "Changes," which she conceived, choreographed, directed and performed in, was just not an adequate vehicle for her tremendous talents.

This multi-media work, with visuals by Earthlight and music by Wanderjahr and the Symbidium Orchestra, was an ambitious effort to embody intangibles. Death went stomping about in a black

cloak, while Birth minced around him gracefully.

"Changes" only really came to life when the performers were just dancing and singing for the hell of it. With outstanding dancing from Zack Thompson and Robert Johnson, the whole company had that quality of disciplined spontaneity that fills me with wonder. Even with its flaws, the show is your money's worth and more.

The San Francisco Ballet, rotating dance programs, McKenna Theatre, Calif. State Univ. (formerly SF State College), Thurs.-Sat., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2:30 p.m., through Aug. 27, \$2-\$3, students \$1.50.

"The Flaming Angel," a new ballet choreographed by John Pasqualetti, smouldered into existence on the first weekend of the SF Ballet's five-week summer season. Using the heavy-handed music of Prokofiev's Third Symphony, Pasqualetti loosely based his ballet on the story that originally inspired the composer: the myth of a young mystic who falls in love with her vision of a flaming angel. She ends condemned to death, accused of sorcery and intercourse with the devil.

Granting that it's difficult to portray a cast of characters that includes the flaming angel, the devil and God himself, things were still unnecessarily confusing.

There is a constant tension in Pasqualetti ballets between his obvious love of abstract movement and his equally felt need for emotional content. When things do mesh, it can be very exciting. But in "The Flaming Angel," that didn't happen often enough.

The dancers were uncomfortable

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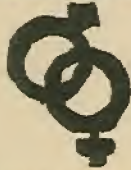
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with the choreography, Pasqualetti's own derivative combination of ballet and modern. The stage was filled with sweat and passion, but the set and vacuous faces indicated the dancers weren't too sure what it was all about.

Also on the program were an innocuous "Matinee Dansante" by Carlos Carvajal and an intermittently enjoyable "Statements" by Tom Rudd. "Flaming Angel" can be seen again Aug. 24-27, "Statements" Aug. 17-20.

Pasqualetti remains, despite the disarray of "Angel," the most interesting and talented choreographer on the local ballet scene. He will do "Romeo and Juliet" and "Scheherazade" for the fall season of the Pacific Ballet. They are in rehearsal now, and from all reports look very impressive.

BEST BETS

The Actor's Ark continues its absorbing version of Samuel Beckett's "Happy Days" and "Act Without Words," at The Community Music Center, 544 Capp, 8 p.m., through Aug. 20, free.

The SF Mime Troupe is juggling like crazy and offering their pedantic wit—for free, in SF parks. For each week's schedule, call 431-1984.

"The Fool of the World in the Flying Ship," a children's play, continues Sundays at 1 and 3 p.m. in Sharon Meadow behind the children's playground, Golden Gate Park. This play is directed by Sandra Archer, formerly of the SF Mime Troupe. So far as I know, she does no wrong, and I'm sure people of all ages could enjoy this performance.

The Baroque Arts Quartet is playing at the Jewish Community Center, 3200 California, 8:30 p.m., Aug. 14, \$2, students \$1.

Jeannie Hoffman, something of a homegrown Mose Allison, sings and plays piano with her group at the Drawing Room, 2511 Van Ness, Tues.-Sat., no cover. She and her friends also provide the music for the Glide Church celebrations on Sunday mornings. If you have a chance to hear her, try and catch the lyrics, they are both funny and literate. □

Women's Place

The Heroine of "War in the Back Seat" Loses in "Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen"

By Julia Cheever



I had high hopes that Alix Kates Shulman's "Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen" was going to be a great feminist novel. I first heard of Shulman about a year ago when I read her "Marriage Agreement" in a paperback collection of women's liberation writings. Her marriage started out liberated, she wrote; she and her husband ate out in cheap restaurants and cheerfully shared light housework until they had children.

But once the children came, she found herself trapped at home, unable to do anything except housework, and her marriage began to disintegrate. Finally she and her husband drew up a marriage agreement: they were to take equal responsibility for the household and children, regardless of earnings.

They made a careful list of every household task, from making beds to taking children to doctors, and divided them half and half. (Ms. later printed the agreement in its article on marriage contracts.) Alix ended up with a happy family and five mornings, three evenings and all day Sunday free each week to pursue her writing career.

Since that agreement began three years ago, she's published a biography of the feminist anarchist Emma Goldman, a collection of Goldman's writings and speeches, three children's books and, just this spring, "Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen." The subject of the memoirs is Sasha Davis, queen of the Baybury Heights High School Bunny Hop at 15, and an unhappy, childbound housewife whose beauty is fading at 30.

"By the third grade," Sasha tells us, "with every other girl in Baybury Heights, I came to realize there was only one thing worth bothering about: becoming beautiful." The scene is a mid-

dle-class neighborhood of Cleveland in the '40s and '50s.

While the boys play soldier and win basketball games, Sasha and her friends worry about their braces, compare movie stars and clothes, gossip in sorority meetings ("Surely I must be beautiful if she hates me for it," rejoices Sasha), wonder if they'll be able to catch a rich husband and struggle in the back seats of parked cars to preserve their reputations.

Shulman herself grew up in postwar Cleveland and in "The War in the Back Seat" (July Atlantic Monthly) she writes that most of the recent books and movies about postwar adolescence describe only the male experience—the war, athletics, the difficulty of getting sex from "nice girls."

But the female experience, explains Shulman, was dominated by the fact that marriage was the only thinkable goal. For "nice girls," contests in the back seats and obsession with beauty were part of a struggle for survival.

In "Memoirs," Sasha's candid descriptions of entering puberty, competing with her sorority sisters and finally giving in to the basketball captain give us the female side of the story. The trouble with the book is that Shulman doesn't stop with one good story.

She piles on one women's liberation parable after another: some 24 affairs in which Sasha tries to find security through sex; marriage at 20 to a fellow graduate student whom she supports with a \$65-a-week clerical job; an abortion from a male chauvinist intern; a college friend who publishes poetry after getting a divorce; therapy from a male chauvinist psychiatrist who says Sasha is frigid because she won't accept

her role as a woman; a second marriage to a New York businessman who grows bored when she starts worrying about their babies.

Taken separately, most of these episodes would make a good story. Squeezed together, they add up to a mishmash connected only by a women's liberation moral.

As the incidents pile up, they become abbreviated and lifeless. A long list of Sasha's college philosophy courses failed to convince me that she was suffering from a conflict between her intellectual interests and the pressure to fit into a conventional female role.

Sylvia Plath successfully shows this conflict in Esther Greenberg in "The Bell Jar." In "The Bell Jar," which was not explicitly written as a women's liberation novel, the plot develops out of the heroine's character instead of the other way around.

Deliberately feminist literature can work; Shulman herself succeeded in "Traps," an early version of the book's opening chapter, published three years ago in Apha, a feminist literary magazine. This chapter, more subtle and detailed than the other chapters in "Memoirs," shows 24-year-old Sasha, already worried that she's past her prime, meeting her first husband in a Munich railway station as she returns from an affair in Spain. She tries to tell him she's going to leave him, but she's afraid to leave until she finds a new husband.

Instead of trying to load all her ideas onto one character, Shulman would have done better to continue working out her ideas separately. I recommend "Traps" and "The War in the Back Seat"; for a good novel, try "The Bell Jar." □

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A **GUARDIAN** muckraker needs part-time job so she can continue raking the muck. Exp. in PR writing, research, typing, shorthand. Call 861-9600.

MAN, 30, SF resident w/sales mgmt., acctg. exper., BBA, seeks good position. Imaginative problem-solver. (415) 552-1132, eves., wkends.

CARPENTRY, painting, gardening, remodeling and odd jobs. Reasonable prices, call Alan at 863-6875.

COLLEGE GRAD., female, 21, BA in art hist., needs work to support photo habit, art aspirations. Exper. in gallery, library, photography work. Call Caroline: 751-8456.

JUNE 1971 BERKELEY grad, B.A. soc., seeks employ. in community organizing, mvmt. activities, mvmt. periodical, researcher. Subistence wage. Familiar with Bay Area. Contact: Thom Hudson, 1900 Vine, Berkeley, CA 94709.

HAUL YER JUNK. Anything, anytime, anywhere. Capricorn Drayage (otherwise known as Frank). 282-7129.

MANY YOUNG MEN join the military because they can't find a job. Do you have a job to offer? Call Counter-Recruitment Project: 441-3700.

VERY CAPABLE young man wants work with small indep. building tradesman/contractor. 2 yrs. exper., want more, like this work. 434-2113, x202.

GREEK, BALKAN, Israeli dance teacher—ex-Naval dental tech., ex-Kibbutz worker, ex-traveler (15 mos. Europe, No. Africa, Middle East), Hasidic/Ecological, 2 yrs. coll.—needs any work. Call Joseph: 864-9113/467-7551.

EXPERIENCED TYPESETTER needs part time or freelance work. IBM, MTST-MTSC and other machines. Fast, accurate. Carol: 387-6753.

GRADUATE STUDENT needs perm. p-t work (available f-t thru Sept.). Can type accurately. Call Gretchen: 564-8240.

FAR EAST SHIPPING, marketing man, newly returned from S.E. Asia, extensive knowledge markets/cond. If interested using this knowl. call: 775-9952, leave message for Dave Aitchison.

FREELANCE layout, illustration and production man. Formerly with the East Village Other. Jonathan: 387-6753.

FREELANCE typist/typesetter available to operate IBM computer, MTST/MTSC or do miscellaneous typing jobs in my home or your office. Fast, accurate. Carol 387-6753.

TYPING SERVICES OFFERED. I will type, accurately, cheaply anything you need. Support your local poetess/musician. Call Debbie, 752-5255.

WILL BARTEND for your private party. Reasonable rates. Call after 6 p.m.: 285-6354, ext 631.

HELP! Are you a humanitarian employer? Recently released prisoner needs job. Considerable clerical exper. Willing to try anything. Must find job immediately to keep parole status. Call Leonard, (415) 489-1905.

TYPIST w/ own machine has at least 4 hrs./day to spare. Needs extra money and I do mean desperately. Call Kathy, 731-8743 after 5:30.

YOUNG WOMAN would like f-t/p-t job w/friendly people. One yr.-plus exper. in research, typing, gen. office. Very efficient, responsible. Prefer Berk. Sally, 845-1880.

MALE, 30's, big business drop-out w/ over 10 yrs. acctng/clerical exper. desires employ. w/ sm. business/non-profit org., relocatable. 928-2915.

EXPERIENCED FEMALE SINGER wants to start/join a jazz/r&b grp. Into music for music sake only. No superstar trips. Willing to work seriously on orig. material. Call Nana Holland, 648-4140, before 3:30 p.m. Write: 1155 Valencia, Apt. 3, SF.

INTELLIGENT INDUSTRIOUS chick looking for work. Can do graphics, b&w photography, housework. Got any ideas? Wendy: 531-7308.

VIDEOFREAK for sale: expr. in CATV/CCTV; program prod.; CCTV project/systems design; use of 1/2"/1" VTR as tool for community organizing, education, grp/ind self-confrontation/awareness. Jim, 824-6373.

ENERGETIC YOUNG MAN really needs job. Knows health foods, handicrafts, building skills. Willing to work hard for pay or rm. & brd. Call: 826-0533, afternoons. Frank or Wendy.

MAN, 25, seeks Interesting & good f-t position; CPA, BA-Econ; 2 1/2 yrs. publ. acctg. exp. Good people & relevant work important. Call Jim, 824-1467.

COLLEGE GRAD w/ consuming interest in law but none in law school seeks position in law office. Office & some legal research exper., accurate typing. Pat: 673-8348, after 2 p.m. anytime.

FORMER LOOK RESEARCHER needs p-t work to support poetry habit. Phone: 285-5380.

GAY ORGANIZATIONS

G.S.O. (Gay Social Organization) Promoting a social and fraternal atmosphere for gay people. New members meet every Mon., 7:30 p.m. For info. call: (415) 771-7949.

SIR, Society for Individual Rights, for homosexual info. and/or publications, contact SIR, 83 6th St. 781-1570.

GAY Activists Alliance offers the homosexual the only alternative to "Gay Ghettoism." Attend the GAA Town Hall Forum, 7:30 p.m. every 1st and 3rd Mon., 5th floor, 26 7th St. (7th and Market), 239-9001, 864-8205.

HISTORICAL shards indicate SF was populated mostly by homosexuals 1850-1860. Anyone who can help fill this lost pg. of hist. with substantiating evidence call Don Jackson: 431-6641.

GAY liberation book service—books, pamphlets, poetry. Send for free list. P.O. Box 40397, SF 94104.

EMMAUS HOUSE Gay Switchboard & Social Service Organization provides crash pads; roommate referrals; job referrals; info on Gay organizations/activities; medical/legal referrals; survival info in SF. Call: 864-7771 or write: Box 6361, SF, 94101.

ALICE B. TOKLAS Memorial Democratic Club. City's all gay fastest growing club. For info. call Jim Foster, 626-4512.

GAY Counseling Service provides info. and positive, supportive counseling for anyone about homosexuality. Offers counseling referral to sympathetic professionals for gay people. Call, anytime, 626-3934.

READ Gay Sunshine. Newspaper of Gay Liberation. Sample copy 50¢. \$5 for 12 issues. P.O. Box 40397, SF 94104 (415) 824-3184.

HOUSING WANTED

ARTIST AND Guardian ruckmaker with two kids, 8 and 10 years, desperately needs cottage or whatever in Marin; preferably in Fairfax or San Geronimo Valley. Will gladly paint or fix up for considerations. Can pay \$150 or a bit more if there's some land, lots of privacy, etc. Call Kim at 457-0129 or at Guardian, 861-9600.

HOUSE WANTED in Marin County, 2 bdrms., full bath, stv-frig., lots of space. Yard w/ room for sm. garden. Married couple w/ younger sister & pets. \$250 tops. Call Tim/Donna: 457-0129.

WE'RE A COUPLE w/6-mo. baby looking for people to live with. We'd like to find a couple or group. Children a must. Have furniture, share housework, cooking. Into natural foods, no drugs. Interested? 824-9048.

QUIET SF sublet wanted for Aug. 864-1889.

I WISH to join a mellow, sensuous commune nr. Cole St. I am a vegetarian, free school teacher into massage/yoga. Call Jeff: 661-2046.

NORTH BEACH photo studio wanted by Aug. 1. Reasonable rent/condition. Approximate size needed: 500 sq. ft. Call 863-6035: a.m.'s or p.m.'s.

Couple, 26, seek quiet living space, pref. Noe-Eureka-Mission-Potrero. Exchange skills (carpentry, sailing, housekeeping) and/or money to \$80. Leave message at UN 1-4268. Tim & Lois.

HAPPY TEACHING COUPLE (26, 31) seeks another couple to share house/flat in Noe/Castro/Polk area. Into natural foods, environment, people. We want out of foggy Sunset! Sept. 1.

RESPONSIBLE ACADEMIC couple in early 30s seeks SF apt. 3-4 rms. Under \$120/mo. No children. Is cat OK? Call: 626-7140. Ask for Ward/Rochelle.

MOTHER seeks apt. or would like to find apt. w/same. 333-5849.

WE NEED to rent dance studio/gym type space. One rm. must be 25'x40 ft. Pref. w/attached living space near GG Park. Call Russell, 626-0414, days or Jim, 621-4673.

INSTRUCTION

LEARN CHINESE WOK cookery. Emphasizes low-cholesterol diet; preserves original color, flavor, texture, nutrients. Each class culminates with sharing the meal we have prepared, the last a multi-course feast. 771-9255.

ARABIC—modern, classical, Moroccan—taught as written/spoken language. Private lessons and small groups, and will travel. Call Ahmed: 665-1853, a.m. please.

ART WORKSHOP: for young people, 5-15 yrs. Relaxed, informal atmosphere/small classes. Special daily summer program: pottery (wheel)/drawing/painting/silkscreen/wood-paper sculpture. 3020 College Ave., Berk., 654-6280.

LIVE OAK SCHOOL, 399 San Fernando Way, SF: a new school offering an ungraded but structured education. Classes are small. There is a limited number of openings for boys/girls, 9 to 11. Call: 333-2587.

QUALITATIVE READING taught: Prefer persons w/some degree of artistic/literary convictions. Fee: \$25/hr./one person; \$30/hr./three people. Call T. Wenzel, 826-4892.

HELIOTROPE is looking for teachers in all subjects. 100's of classes each mo. in auto repair, cooking, languages, occult, backpacking, massage, music, etc. Write for free monthly catalog: 21 Columbus, SF 94111.

READ CHAIRMAN MAO (or the I Ching) in the original! Pro. Sinologist will tutor modern or classical Chinese. Write: 1735 11th Ave., SF, 94122. Or call: 665-2452.

STREET CAMP: Sesame Street & Mini-Bike Programs have openings for pre-school elementary grade youth. Call Mission YMCA, 586-6900.

MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE

HOUSE PLANTS for sale. 2701 Sutter St. at Lyon (near Sears). 11 a.m.-7 p.m., days.

HANDSOME WALNUT office-size desk, locking drawers/file. Like new. \$100/offer. 334-9746.

CHILDREN'S PUPPET THEATRE: 4 1/2 ft. high (to roof), 2 1/2 ft. wide, 2 1/2 ft. deep. Handmade, gently used. Red, yellow, gray and black striped, \$25. 626-8313.

DYES FOR WOOL AND SILK: Seven brilliant colors. Good fastness, easy to use. Send for free price list. Glen Black, Handwoven Textiles, 1414 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94133.

PROCIEN DYES for craftsmen. Permanent, washable, brilliant. Suitable for batik, printing, warp painting. Nine colors available. Send for price list and instructions. Glen Black, Handwoven Textiles, 1414 Grant Avenue, SF 94133.

ALPHA WAVE feedback machine Bio-Electric 7071-B—can also discriminate for Delta, Theta, Beta waves. Bought new for \$178, never used. Best offer over \$100. Leave message for Jack: 387-6343.

SEWING MACHINE: Singer feather-weight, 3 yrs old, ex. cond. Attachments—incl. button holer—come with it. Sorry to see it go, but need the money. \$80/best offer. Call Tracy: 824-1838, eves.

POTTER'S WHEEL, \$160. Frank: 922-9100 x321.

TIRE OF your kid sister's stereo? I want to sell my Nikko 301 receiver for \$85. Has had a lot of love, is in ex. shape. Call John: 221-5729.

LEATHER FRINGE coat, med. size, \$15; hiking boots, size 9 1/2-10, \$15. Both articles good cond. 843-8857.

OMEGA B-22 XL enlarger with condensers and 50 mm/75 mm lenses. Never used, cheap \$160. Phone: 681-2319.

TWO STEREOS need homes: Philips (Dutch Maid) component system, \$85; plus Sharp AM/FM with walnut enclosures, \$50. 776-9026.

BDRM. SET, 5-piece w/double mattress-box springs, \$85. Desk w/chair, \$35. Living rm. tables, \$12-\$30. More. Good cond. Leaving state. Call: 673-5552 SF.

COMPLETE WATERBED, king size, redwood frame, heater, worth \$110. Never been used. Will sell for \$30. Call 397-1881 ext. 83. Ask for Jeanne. After 5 call 441-7194.

KICKWHEEL: still in good cond. \$125. 4-ft. kiln, 1 yr. old, used by little old lady from Pasadena only 3 times. \$250. Call: 282-7656.

NEVER USED Kodak Instamatic Super 8 movie camera. Zoom lens, pistol grip, case, \$75. Minolta Autopak 500. New Instamatic still camera/case, \$18. Black naugahide studio couch/matching bench, \$35. 824-9341.

DIETZGEN DRAFTING DESK, 60x39 in., \$50. Gas stove, \$75. Refrigerator, \$50. Buggy, \$15. Playpen, \$6. New walker-bouncer, \$9. Samsonite luggage. Portable typewriter, Toddler training seat. 681-4967.

HARMON KARDON amp/tuner & Sony port. tape recorder. Both fair cond. Only \$25. Call: 285-3922.

SHEEPSKIN JACKET: WW2, leather, English, size 40-42, very good cond. Sacrifice \$35. Call Eric, 665-4117 after 6 p.m.

REVOX PRO HS77, good cond. \$400/best offer. Call: 928-7980. Great deal for serious sound-eng.-studio/live/film soundtrack recording.

ENLARGER: Solar, 135 mm lens, 4x5 neg carrier, up to 5x7 neg, good cond. \$75. Call Jackie, 465-9583, after 5 p.m./leave message.

STAIN GLASS scraps; opaque colors for lamps; 25 lbs/\$10. Tom, 826-8426.

PAPER TRIMMER: heavy duty cast iron 15 in. table. Ideal for photo mounts. \$20. Tom, 826-8426.

BOX TRAILER, heavy duty, 7 1/2 x 4 ft. bed; 4 ft. sides; all-steel constr.; new license/tires. Rick, 751-0311.

NIKON FTN w/135mm, 50mm lens. \$350. Call: 864-3174.

I WANT to sell my small AM transistor radio. A good buy at \$3.19. Call Janice, 681-6354.

TV: b&w 14 in, w/stand. It works, sort of. \$25. Call: 775-1256, evenings.

MUSIC

JAZZ: Every Sunday 5 to 9 at the RIBELTAD VORDEN. Poetry readings Thurs. afternoons, 5 to 9. "Blessed Soul" this Fri. nite. Love and Harmony on Sat. This Tues. Open Mike, Kell Robertson next Tues. Mellow vibes, cheap beer and wine. Cor. of Folsom and Precita Sts.

GUITAR instruction: flatpicking, fingerpicking. The music of Doc Watson, Bach, John Hurt, Sor, Chet Atkins, Lightnin' Hopkins, Neil Young taught professionally. Warren Miller: 431-7075.

WANTED—used Haines or Powell flute for hard-working street musician. Marsha: 387-6753.

MUSICIAN, new in town, looking for working group. Plays keybds., bass, flute, sings lead/background. Have transportation, equip., recording, performing exper. Original material. Joey Carbone: 431-6997, SF.

I GOTTA SELL my hardly-used Artley flute; in ex. cond. \$100, it's really good. Call Connie in Napa: (707) 224-2148.

GUITAR, beautiful classical Arla, plus case. \$225/offer. Leaving town, must sell. 655-0247.

Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant St., San Francisco, Ca. 94103.

FLUTE LESSONS for beg. & inter-med. flutists. I've been into classical, jazz, rock. Can also teach music-reading. \$2.50 1/2 hr. lesson. Call Debbie: 752-5255.

FLUTE INSTRUCTION: Exper. teacher, former student of Julius Baker, Harold Bennett, is taking beg./adv. pupils. Reasonable rates. Call Bob, 665-3311.

MUSICIANS WANTED to form sm. ensemble to play classical music on the street. I'm a clarinetist. Call Georgina, 285-5428.

KAT & MOUSE MUSIC Yamaha 180 \$89. Martin D-18 \$269. Martin 000-18 \$219. Lessons & Repairs at low rates, 4107 24th St. (nr. Castro). 826-8717.

FLUTE LESSONS—you'll be amazed at how much faster you'll progress with good instruction. Call Marsha: 387-6753.

MUSIC TEACHER wanted for pianist with moderate ability. To improve sight reading, technique. JO 7-5919, eves.

OUTDOORS

WANTED: 23" 10-speed bike for less than \$50. Not Schwinn. Call Sylvia, 861-9602.

ENJOY ENGLAND by bicycle. 12 leisurely days, Windsor to Stratford. Send for brochure to Payne's Plcnics, 12 Carisbrooke Road, Gosport, Eng.

NORTH AMERICA TRAIL compex needs financial support to begin printing guide maps. NOAMTRAC will be a vast network of hiking and nomad routes to all parts of the land. Write Lee Nading, NOAMTRAC, 314 1/2 S. Henderson, Bloomington, In. 47401.

BIKE: Man's, nice cond. \$20. 931-2822.

FOR SALE: 10 spd Raleigh Record; hardly used. \$85. 626-4344, eves.

PERSONALS

NECROPHILIACS will be meeting in Colma next Sunday at 4 a.m. It's legal!

EVER BEEN gypped by a SF rental agency? Tell Marcy, our consumer writer, all about it. 861-9600.

MOVABLE FEAST. Join us for a memorable meal each week in some of those elusive little restaurants that still pay attention to gourmet quality. Increase your restaurant repertoire with new dishes of many nationalities. 771-9255.

TENNIS PLAYER, new in town, seeks partner with knowledge of SF courts. Pref. male or female. Call Greg 863-0336.

ATTR. MAN seeks "old lady," 20-30. Objective: live/strive together to create/realize good meaningful lifestyle. It's damn hard to put across in an ad, but very elementary in actuality. Peter: 285-0153, eves.

FREE Classified Ads!



FREE ADS TO INDIVIDUALS

Use this bulletin board and reach a lot of people (100,000 each fortnight) without spending any money.

Mail copy to us (don't telephone!) or drop it by our office. Include phone number for verification. Be sure to keep your ad to 30 words or less. We'll run it twice free; if you want to run it twice more, give us a call. Deadline for ad copy: Thursday noon before publication (that's August 10 for the next issue).

\$2 MINIMUM FOR BUSINESSES (per issue)

1 to 3 times
1 — 16 words . . . \$2 per issue
17 — 30 wds. . . . 12 cents per wd. per issue
31 plus wds. . . . 10 cents per wd. per issue
4 to 7 times
10 cents per wd. per issue
8 times
8 cents per wd. per issue. Enclose payment with ad.

IS THERE ANYONE out there from the class of 1959 of Sacred Heart High School, Yonkers, N.Y.? Please write Joan, 280 Pennsylvania St.

BIG BROTHERS WANTED. Boys without fathers need friends. Adult males invited to a bi-monthly orientation meeting at Big Brothers Inc., 86 3rd St., 6th fl., SF. Call: 989-1250.

RIDE EAST—going to Denver Aug. 11. Mike & Jeanne will pay gas and share driving. Please call 397-1881 x83 days (ask for Jeanne), or 441-7194 after 5.

YOUNG NOBLEMAN seeks Victorian woman of letters for Marin Shakespeare Festival/Renaissance Faire. Joseph, 922-7449, after sunset.

FEMINIST-MINDED travelling companion wanted for travel in England. Sept. Call Susan: 752-7514.

RIDER/DRIVER: 1 or 2 wanted for trip East (Philly via US 80). Dodge van. Leaving Aug. 23. Call Stu: 388-6779, Marin, eves., or 558-2702.

WITHOUT NEW WAYS of thinking, we're doomed to old ways of acting. Want to form Feminist research grp w/women who have imagination; a sense of humor; enjoy unmechanical thinking. To investigate a problem is to begin to solve it. Write Sue: 1242 Church St., SF 94114.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, tall, friendly seeks permanent relationship w/Ms 35-55 who seeks not only erotic encounter but intellectual companionship. Box 851, Oakl. 94604.

HITCHING to East Coast, mid-Aug., w/ my puppy, Maggie. We'd welcome female companion. Ted, 848-0909.

RADICAL WOMAN wants to get in touch w/people directly involved in fight against Regents for People's Research Center at UC. Call Barbara, 843-5347, after 6 p.m. Lv. message.

DEDICATED ARTIST seeks lady to share changes and chances of this world. 20-26 yrs. All of life can be a creative experience & be lived like a poem or a painting. George, 548-7522, Berk.

BIKE RIDING companions wanted for trip to LA. Start Aug. 3 or soon after. Moderate distances each day, but flexible. Call Roy, 843-5283.

SELF-AWARE woman wanted: liberal-minded yet sensible, for sharing caring relationship w/ good looking, educated writer in early 40's who badly needs feminine companionship. Call Art Johnson, 282-8220.

RECENTLY DIVORCED man in urgent need of normal happy relationship w/ intelligent woman to 35. Will discuss any subject except divorce. Write: W. O. Smith, 850 South Van Ness, SF 94110.

SINGLES—Grow while having fun, meeting new people, working out separation/divorce/conformity/whatever problems. Pairing/Group Rap/Communications techniques. No encounter attacks. Every Wed. at 8 p.m. Or come to a 10-hour Mini-Marathon, Sat., Aug. 12, Aug. 26. Individual therapy also available. Prices geared to the budget-minded. For info., call: Mariette B. Cohen, Licensed Clinical Social Worker at 775-3637.

STUDENT CAN work for McGovern only if you provide room/board. Or will work as cook, bartender, live-in child care, any/all. Rick: 845-6627, eves.

WILL GIVE ride to Marin County (Forrest Knolls) from Berkeley—7-8 a.m. and/or back 9-11 a.m. every Fri. Contact Pink Cloud, c/o Guardian, 861-9600; or Berkeley Barb, 849-1040.

YOUNG, AWARD-WINNING woman writer (foreign) seeks patron to finance trip to NY-Europe to negotiate w/publishers. Elderly couple/single or younger patron who wishes to adopt me is welcome. In return I shall give you warmth, understanding, friendship. Inka: 5538 California, SF, or call: (213) 445-2084.

INVEST—be a patron! Artist, showing locally soon, needs money to realize several projects. Investment (\$25 up) covers materials plus 10%-40%. Finished work would be yours. Dutch: 585-1706.

NORTHEAST MENTAL Health Drug Treatment Program, 1195 Bush, SF, 441-2221 x35. For anyone w/drug problems. No methadone used. Open 9 a.m.-7 p.m., M-F. For persons living in N.E. SF. No charge.

PETS

CAN YOU provide a nice home for a good-looking affectionate year-old male cat? Part Persian, housebroken, distemper shots. Call: 386-7327, eves.

HELP BUY new birds for the Palace of Fine Arts lagoon. Send your contribution to: Palace of Fine Arts League, 3201 Lyon, SF (a non-profit organization).

HAVE MICE? We have agreeable 2-yr.-old female, black hunting feline which needs home. Call James: 981-4591, days or drop by 870 Kansas.

FREE: 2 little black kittens, 6 wks. old & their Manx mother. Call: 824-5725.

AQUARIUM—big 55-gal. tank, incl. table stand, heavy-duty pump, 2 filters, lights, fish net, other equip. plus lots of copulating supplies. \$100/best offer. 752-9119, eves.

2 AQUARIUMS: 15 gal. tanks complete w/heaters, stand, pump, filters, fish. Everything necess. for your participation in a very pleasurable hobby. Best offer: 771-9255.

FREE! One live, adorable puppy. Must give away soon. Bruce Coleman, 576-8234 (day) 843-2128 (nite).

FREE HAMSTERS: almost full grown. Male/female. 776-6703.

FREE: beautiful longhair kittens. They make you smile. Call: 621-6953.

FISH: Red Oscars breeding. 8 in. long. \$50/pr. Call Bill, 681-9325/731-0661.

AQUARIUM: plexiglass, 35 gal. Everything incl. \$85. Call Bill, 681-9325/731-0661.

POLITICAL

ELECTRICITY bills too high? Fight back! Support the campaign for a public power system in SF. Send your contributions to: Citizens for Public Power, PO Box 6617, SF 94101.

STEPHANIE KLINE'S trial started Aug. 1. She's being framed for possession of explosives—facing 5-to-life. Help publicize the case. For posters, literature, buttons, info. write: Stephanie Kline Defense Committee, 558 Capp, SF 94110.

HELP END the war in S.E. Asia. Peace Movement needs summer help, paid and volunteer. Call: 864-2738.

OUTRAGED CONSUMERS needed to help stop the rip-off. Volunteers to staff busy office, get involved in grievance procedures, help run vital projects. San Francisco Consumer Action: 776-8400.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

FAT CHANCE GRAPHICS, an alternative to fat cat ad agencies. Design, layout, finished art, corporate identity, signs and supergraphics. Call Kim Gale at 457-0129.

QUALITY PHOTOGRAPHY from the cameras of Roger Lubin: Portraits, Model Composites, Reportage, Annual Reports, Commercial and Fine Art. I'm the staff photographer for the BAY GUARDIAN and I've shot for Time, Rolling Stone, Clear Creek, etc. Color or B&W. Call Roger Lubin: (415) 285-3922.

When Was the Last Time You Felt Good? Massage

Will Relax Your Mind/Body Put yourself in good hands.

John Berryhill: 648-7158
Licensed Masseur
no weird calls, please

HOROSCOPE \$10 (on delivery). Bound in vinyl, in-person interpretation. Send name with date, time, place of birth to: Neville, 1544 California. Or call: 771-5977.

DESIGN CARPENTRY, renovations, painting. Reasonable rates. Call Dick: 648-5747, SF or 388-5079, Marin.

PRIVATE TUTOR for special children, "Doman and Delacatto Method" Remedial Reading Specialist. Ref., exp. 681-2319.

WILLING TO WORK volunteer in any phase of TV production. Coll. grad, writer, some video exper. Call Bill: 383-6897, after 6 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL TYPIST. Accuracy guaranteed. Available p-t or freelance, in your office or on my typewriter at home. Call Carol: 387-6753.

WE DO GOOD quality black and white photography for reasonable rates. Can we do a job for you? Phone: 647-8863, leave message.

APPRENTICE CABINETMAKER looking for work. 6 mo. experience with journeymen. Has tools, call anytime: 681-2319.

FILM: 35 mm Ektachrome X or High Speed Ektachrome. Film and custom processing, 20 exposures, \$2.95; 36 exposures, \$4.35. Postage 25¢/roll. B/w develop and proof sheet, \$1; 8 x 10's, 50¢. Photolab, 1908 Alcatraz. Berkeley 94703. 653-3530.

WHERE ARE YOU? How to have a private address for your personal mail. For free details, write 1/2 Way, Dept. 1, P.O. Box 14127, SF 94114.

LOOK BETTER than life with portrait done by the Guardian's very own staff photographer. Bask in your own image or give one away as a gift. Color or black and white at a reasonable rate. Roger Lubin: 285-3922.

INTERESTED IN HAVING your drawings and/or political cartoons published? Send samples of your work to Bay Guardian Art Dept.

INTERIOR DESIGN: Want an attractive pad? I want to help! Design student looking for exper. as consultant. Plan decor, help you shop (retail). Call: 752-4329.

MACK THE KNIFE Sharpener: knives, scissors, cleavers. Home or business, people's prices. VA 4-2247.

PHOTOGRAPH your wedding/special occasion at price you can afford. Canned only. I shoot to please. See pictures I have shot. Sheldon Weiss, 387-7358.

FILMS: Holy Mt. Video would like to distribute/sell/rent your films via videocassette to bars, motels, homes, etc. 776-6703.

UNPUBLISHED? A pro. editor will help you make your ms. readable & salable. Editorial Consultants, 1735 11th Ave., SF, 94122. 665-2452 (eves).

SUSAN YLVISAKER/photographer. Specializing in portraits, wedding, model composites, annual reports, reportage. P.O. Box 16402, SF 94116. Phone: (415) 285-3922.

PUBLICATIONS

PAST ISSUES of the SF Bay Guardian available — call circulation at UN 1-9600.

SAN FRANCISCO BOOK REVIEW is alive and kicking once again after its 9-month hiatus. Now on sale in Bay Area Shops.

OUT/BACK: a place in print for serious amateur filmmakers to feel at home; will publish first issue, but needs the active participation of any & all who will contribute, write. Send ideas, news, views, art, photos, anything to help OUT/BACK fill a need for such a magazine. Write Box 754, Gate 5, Sausalito 94965.

CABLE REPORT. Cable television could be a spy in your bedroom. It may also allow you to shop from your living room. We are the only people reporting on the development of this industry from the citizen's perspective. \$7 per year. 192 North Clark St., Rm. 607, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Two samples, \$1.

ISTHMUS I: new semi-annual poetry journal. J. Rutherford Willems editor. Featured: Andrei Codrescu, David Meltzer, Lewis MacAdams, Eugene Ruggles, Thom Gunn, Stephen Vincent, Theodore Enslin, Paul Mariah, Diane DiPrima plus drawings by Bruce Conner. 116 pages. \$2.25/4 Milvia St., Berk. 94704. 841-5443.

REAL ESTATE

MENDOCINO: one of 5 shares in 80 acres. Low price, independence, co-operation. \$1900 down; \$38/mo. Paul, 653-1516.

2 3/4 ACRES: Portola Valley, West Ridge, on hill, close to freeway. All util. Country living, lots of deer. Owner anxious to sell. \$25,000. 556-6764 days. 592-0700 nites, wknds.

CERTIFIED ORGANIC FARMERS need someone w/\$25,000 to join our family so we can own our 26 acre farm. We operate General Hardware & Feed, a people's alternative. Also conspire to develop central coast organic growers coop; devoted to certifying & unifying growers to make true the organic label. Contact: General Feed & Hardware, 3700 Soquel Ave., Santa Cruz, or 1500 Smith Grade, Bonny Doon, Cal. 95060. Call: (408) 423-2954.

APTS., studios and 1 bdrms., SF and Oakland. David B. Devine, 986-5521.

FIFTY-MILE VIEW: Mendocino forests/valleys. 10-acre parcels: pine, oak, manzanita atop mini-mtn. Good road, cabin sites, privacy from teeming masses. \$5000 cash. Call Bob, 332-1149.

Ray Cicerone Realty Co.

Featuring View Properties

Now Available
50' x 100' view lot
Zone R. 3
Asking \$17,500

1542 20th St.
824-8140

SPECIALIZING in the unusual, Central Realty. Arlene Slaughter, 6436 Telegraph Ave., Oakl. OL 8-2177; TH 9-2976, eves.

UN-LISTED LAND SALES is a comprehensive, bi-monthly public. of lands For Sale By Owner thruout the West (incl. Calif. state, co., fed. auctions). Send \$2 to Waldo Pt. 845, Sausalito 94965, for your copy; or list your land or house for sale (no charge), receive free copy containing your listing. Phone: 332-1260.

FREMONT commercial lot. \$55,000. David B. Devine, 986-5521.

40 ACRE parcel in Mendocino Co. by owner. Only 2 1/2 hrs. N. of GG Bridge, good all-yr. spring, trees, small stream. Good access, yet private. \$375/acre. 20% down. Call: 285-6996.

MELLOW COUNTRY land. Mendocino Co. Good Neighbors & Good Karma. 10 acres & larger, \$7,500 and up, 10%-20% down. C.A.L. Incorporated, owner-agt. Omega Ranch, Redwood Valley, Cal, (707) 485-8198.

RENTALS

QUIET PERSON wanted to share 6 rm., 3 bdrm. flat w/2 women. Clement/6th Ave., \$73/mo. Avail. Aug. 1. Call: 752-7544.

SF sublet, July 26-Aug. 26. 3 1/2 rms. in Mission, \$115 incl. phone/util. 864-1889.

COUPLE WANTS to share Bernal Hts. 2-Bdrm. flat w/single/couple. Landlord allows cats only. Sorry, no dogs/children. \$65 rent, share util. Food thing open. 824-8678, eves.

NEEDED: one male Aries roommate to live in the country on farm w/ same. Share rent/util., garden and yard work. Write Tracy, 7300 Trahern Rd., Manteca, CA 95336.

UNUSUAL LIVING! Share our 2 apts. Live in SF during the week and in Saratoga on weekends. Furn., \$150/mo. Mature employed single or couple. 552-0088/867-4492.

\$110 MONTHLY. Sm. 1-bdrm. apt., liv. rm., bathrm., kitchenette, nicely dec./furn. Util. incl. (except phone). Priv. entrance off garden. Good loc. (south side GG Park at 29th Ave.). Single occupant (it's more a female's apt.). No smokers/pets. Avail. Aug. 1. Call: 564-5628.

COTTAGE to share: Glen Park, male/female. \$70 plus util. Best call early a.m. Ken, 586-8634.

EXPANDED FAMILY (including adults and 2 children (4 and 8 yrs) seeks couple or single mother with child (4 to 8) to join in lg. attractive parkside house of several bdrms/studio apt. for couple. Total grp size of 4 adults, several children. Self-reliant easy people, active, together, responsible. Call: 564-5628.

TOP FLOOR HOUSE (2 rms.) for rent to a couple, \$140 plus deposit. Home with four others (Guardian types). One block GG Park, six blocks beach-Richmond District. Call: 386-0971.

ROOMMATE NEEDED NOW! Share & help furnish sunny flat near Presidio Park. Fireplace & yard. Prefer singles 21-30. Call Jane, 563-5234, (days).

DANCERS, dance teachers: share our new studio and low rent. 30x32 ft, mirrors, etc. Come see it! John, 826-1027.

ROOM in Haight-Ashbury near GG Park avail. around Sept. 1. Prefer woman into women's things. Share four bedroom flat with one other woman and two men. Your own room, \$40. (Helpful if you get food stamps). Call Carol or Tony 387-6753.

LARGE SUNNY 1-bdrm. apt. available for Aug. & Sept. \$125/mo. 2216 Grant, Apt. 1, Berk. Call Penny, 548-9776.

SHOPS

WALK /WAIT, everything from neon signs and traffic lights to pinball games and banana-split boats. WALK/WAIT—a fun place to visit. 3376 Sacramento St., 563-5234.

WANTED

USE OF A reel-to-reel recorder for tape copying. Maybe you'd like to copy my tapes. Leave message at 673-5232 for Paul Sullivan.

FLOOR LOOM WANTED: 24-40 in. wide, jack or counterbalanced. Call Marilyn: 731-2738, eves.

ATTENTION JUICE FREAKS: can anyone tell me if Spring Bank malt whiskey can be purchased in the Bay Area? Call immediately, ask for Al Pief: 525-2873.

EAST? End of July, first of Aug. I hope I am too! Can you help? Call 981-4591 (9 a.m.-5 p.m.), ask for James (I'll pay!).

WE CAN'T rake SF's muck without typewriters. Anybody want to donate a machine? Call the Guardian newsroom, 861-9600.

WILL trade museum copy (painted 1914) Botticelli's "Magnificat," actual size with frame; for harpsichord. P.O. Box 40342, SF 94140.

WANTED: Omega enlarger & good lens for 35 mm work. Must be good/excellent cond. Ask for Steven, 665-7659, eves.

NEED used Haines or Powell flute right away! Call hard-working street musician Marsha: 648-3539.

WANTED: 10 spd. bike for under \$100 (unless new). Call Bonnie, 665-7659.

NEED A TAX BREAK? SF Consumer Action, a tax exempt organization of angry consumers, desperately needs filing cabinets & other office equip. Give us your surplus; deduct it from your income tax. SF Consumer Action, 2209 Van Ness Ave., SF. 776-8400.

I WOULD LIKE some books, particularly series (not Nancy Drew). I can't pay much so would like cheap price. Call Katrina, 564-9264.

TIRES: 2 or 4—on rims or not. 7.00 x 15/6 ply or 9.15/15 4 ply. Cheap. 776-6703.

Another Haight Ashbury Buy!
Three legal units converted from a pair of Victorian flats.
Deep R-3 lot \$27,000!

Colonial Realty and Investment Co.
2323 Irving
564-1100

~TODAY'S QUOTE~

"YOU MAY NOT REALIZE IT WHEN IT HAPPENS, BUT A KICK IN THE TEETH MAY BE THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD FOR YOU."

—WALT DISNEY.

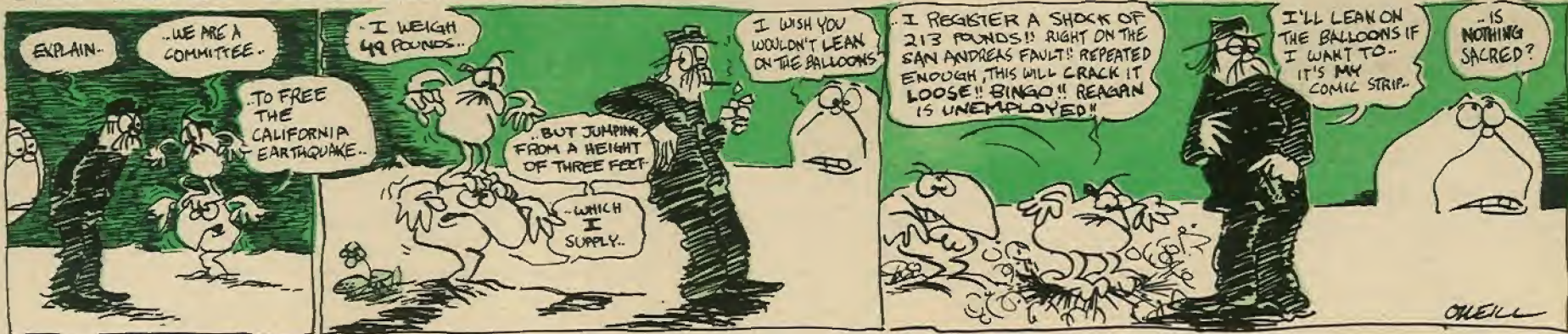
AIRPIRATES COMICS! PAGE

ANOTHER QUOTE~

"EDUCATIONAL TELEVISION IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN COMMUNISM.."

—WALT DISNEY.

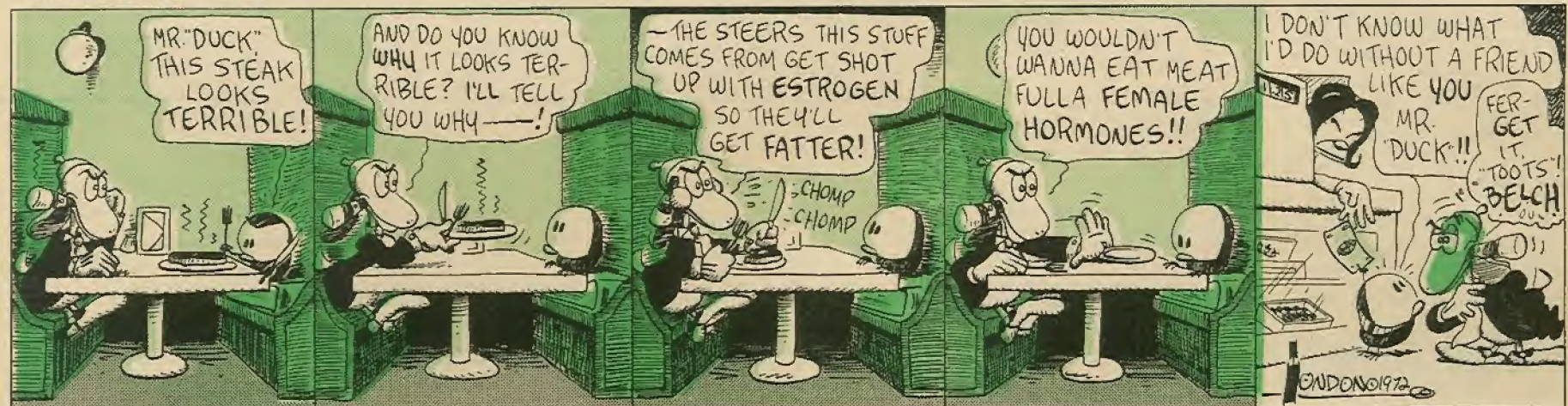
THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN ARSENAL



GREAT MOMENTS IN HERSTORY



DIRTY DUCK



OUR MAN OF THE WORLD

